

# The Metropolitan.

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VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1858.

No. 7.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PIUS IX.

CHAPTER VII.—*The conspirators propose a new Ministry.—The assault of the Quirinal.—Death of M. Palma, Latin Secretary to the Pope.—The escape of the Holy Father from the Palace, and his flight from Rome.*

IN the meantime the conspirators, taking advantage of the confusion of the government and the terror of the city, met at the Circolo Popolare, and formed themselves into a *Committee of Public Safety*, assuming the command of the military forces and the control of the entire municipal authorities. Aware that they possessed no real authority, they resolved to compel the Pope to give his sanction to their actions, and thus invest their proceedings, in the eyes of nations, with legitimate power. They drew up a new ministry, composed of men chosen from among the most violent of the conspirators, such as Mamiani, Galletti, Sterbini and Campello, and presented the list formally to the Pope, not for his consideration, but for his unqualified approval.

A grand procession was formed, composed of an immense crowd of the National Guard, dragoons, carabineers, soldiers of every grade, and proceeded to the Quirinal, followed by a furious and drunken mob. Galletti headed the deputation and presented the document to the Pope. The Holy Father said that he would accept no law from his subjects, especially under the circumstances by which the demand was accompanied. The conspirators at first hypocritically conjured his Holiness to acquiesce in their demands. The Pope, however, was immovable. Galletti, presenting himself at one of the balconies, and with exciting gesticulation and with much vehemence of language, informed the people that the Pope refused his assent to their petition. A tremendous shout was the reply of the furious multitude. This was what Galletti expected, and probably from pre-arrangement, with a view of intimidating the Holy Father into a compliance. He returned to the apartments of the Pope and requested that his Holiness would allay the excitement of the people by granting their demands. "To-morrow," replied the Pope, "they will learn my decision." Again Galletti presented himself to the mob, and cried out: "To-morrow!" "No—instantly," was the reply, and an almost instantaneous assault was made on the palace.

The Swiss Guards immediately shut and barred the gates. The conspirators

set fire to the gate opposite the Quattro Fontane, and attempted to scale the walls. The Swiss Guards fired to disperse them. The rebels became furious. A cannon was dragged up the piazza of the Quirinal and pointed to the door, while the lighted match was held ready for use. It was thought that the Holy Father, when informed of the danger that threatened the palace, would come forth on the balcony, from which he had so often blessed the people, to pacify and allay their fury; and as it was the intention of the conspirators to assassinate the Pope, an assassin was placed behind the statue of Pollux, with carbine in hand, ready to shoot down the Pontiff the moment he presented himself upon the balcony. They were, however, disappointed. The Holy Father, knowing the treachery of the conspirators, remained in his apartments, being unwilling to trust himself in their presence.

In the meantime, a body of riflemen from the University ran to the convent of San Carlino, and from the belfry fired down at random into the palace, taking aim at all who presented themselves at the windows. Mons. Palma, Latin Secretary of the Pope, exposed himself in endeavoring to see the fire which had been set to the gate, and was shot dead on the spot. Several other inmates of the palace were wounded, and threats were heard in the streets, that unless the Pope immediately yielded to the demands of the people, he would share the fate of his secretary. Impious madmen! God was his protector, and commissioned his angels to defend him and deliver him from their hands.

During the atrocious assault upon the Quirinal, the ambassadors and envoys of the various courts of Europe, hastened to offer their protection to the person of the Pontiff. At the sight of the cannon pointed against the door, and of the threatening demonstrations by which he was surrounded, they advised him, as the choice of two evils, to concede what the rebels so impiously demanded. The Pope for some time resisted their entreaties, but at length, turning to the envoys, who stood reverently before him, said:

"Gentlemen, you see the atrocious violence which is offered to me by the rebels; I consent through absolute necessity to their iniquitous demands, to avoid further shedding of blood. But I protest in your presence and before your sovereigns, that I am perfidiously forced to do it."

On the following day the rebels made another demand, that the Swiss Guards be dismissed, and their place occupied by the Civic Guard. As the Holy Father saw that it would be useless to resist the demand, he yielded to their request, and the faithful Swiss, deprived of their arms and their uniforms, were restricted to the interior of the palace. The Civic Guard immediately took possession, not only of the gates and other outposts, but presented themselves at the foot of the stairs and even in the anti-chambers of the Pontiff, and thus held the Vicar of Christ besieged in the retreat of his own private apartments. The alternate Guards were carefully selected from among the very dregs of the most furious and hardened of the conspirators, who spied into every apartment, and reported to the leaders whatever occurred in the palace.

In the meantime the Pope sent secret instructions to the Cardinals to withdraw privately from Rome. They immediately obeyed, and fortunately escaped the hands of the assassins, leaving the city in the costume of laborers, huntsmen or in some other disguise.

It was the intention of the Pope, after the assault on the Quirinal, to leave the palace and go to the Vatican; but when he reflected on the treachery of

the enemies by which he was surrounded, he abandoned this intention. His advisers, among whom were the ambassadors of the various monarchs of Europe, proposed his retirement from Rome, and even if necessary from his own States. But he found himself placed in a dilemma. On the one hand, his departure would give encouragement to the conspirators to perpetrate every enormity of rapine, horror and bloodshed; on the other, he was informed that his rebellious subjects had designed on the 27th of November to wrest from him a solemn renunciation of all temporal power over the Roman States, that his life was threatened in the event of his refusal, and that a numerous band of assassins were hired to hold themselves in readiness for the occasion.

Whilst the Pontiff was thus undecided, a letter arrived, on the 19th of November, from the Bishop of Valence, in France, with a small parcel, and conceived in the following terms: "Enclosed will be found the small pyx in which the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VI, carried, suspended round his neck, the Blessed Sacrament, which during his journey formed his consolation under suffering, until his arrival at Valence. May your Holiness accept it as a memorial, and use it for your consolation, whenever God, in his exalted decrees, may dispose that you should need it." The Pope received a pleasing surprise from this incident, in appearance fortuitous, but which was ordained in the profound counsels of that Eternal Wisdom which appoints the number, weight and measure of every event, even of the least important. He retired for a moment into the oratory, prostrated himself with a lively faith before the tabernacle, besought with tears the divine guidance, and arose with the full determination of taking his departure. On the 20th, Count Spaur, the Bavarian Ambassador, called on Cardinal Antonelli to inquire if the Pope had yet decided upon leaving Rome. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the count offered to be his guide as far as Gaeta, where a Spanish vessel was waiting to convey him according to his own desire to the Balearic Islands. The count then held a long consultation with the Duke d'Harcourt, and determined upon the mode of proceeding in so delicate an undertaking as the secret escape of the Pope, and his safe conduct to Gaeta. They engaged Filippini, a gentleman-in-waiting of his Holiness, of tried fidelity, sagacity and devotedness, to collect the objects which were strictly required for the personal use of the Pontiff, and which would be necessary for the journey, and to carry them by degrees, under his cloak, to the residence of the Count, who was to secrete them in a strong-box in his private apartment.

The following interesting particulars we give from a writer\* who was present in Rome at that time, and who was an eye-witness to many of the melancholy scenes of disorder which took place:

"Already, on the 21st, the count had initiated his lady into the secret, and informed her that she would be required to concur with him in rescuing the Vicar of Jesus Christ from the fangs of the cruel rebels, who, unmindful of God, of their honor, and of all human probity, held him a prisoner in his own palace, and were revolving in their savage and furious minds, designs of death and of extermination to the Church. If God should grant them the favor of conducting in safety, beyond the confines of the Roman States, the august head of Christendom, he would be out of the reach of danger, free in his actions, and the Church would no longer groan under the mortal anguish with which

\* Father Bresciani.

it was constantly convulsed. The feelings of the countess on this occasion may be imagined. This lady, the daughter of Count Giraud, displayed throughout these transactions a mind of masculine energy and firmness. She was excited, by the choice made of her to participate in the rescue of the Pope, to the highest efforts of her devoted soul, and with the most discreet zeal made every preparation for the departure.

"In the meantime the Spanish ambassador had sent messengers to the coast, between Nettuno and Terracina, to give the signals agreed upon, as soon as the vessel should be descried in the horizon. The Duke d'Harcourt was to blind the sentinels by entering the papal audience-chamber as usual; the Cardinal Minister of State was to set out many hours before in disguise, in the company of Signor d'Arnaud, Secretary of the Spanish embassy, while Filippini was to prepare supper according to custom at the palace: everything was in readiness for the evening of the 24th. Count Spaur had already spread the report of his intended departure for the Court of Naples, to attend to affairs of the Bavarian government. The Countess Theresa had also informed her friends and household of her journey on the following day, with her son and his tutor, and that she would wait at Albano for the count, whom business would detain in the city during the day. The count informed his lady that he would take the road along the banks of Lake Albano, and would give her notice of his arrival; he gave her instructions to join him beyond Ariccia. When the hour of departure arrived, the countess experienced not a little difficulty in consequence of her brother, who was a member of the Noble Guard, insisting upon accompanying her on the journey, which he considered, during times of such confusion, exceedingly dangerous for a lady without protection. After some discussion, she quieted his fears and set out with four horses.

"At five in the evening, according to agreement, the carriage of the Duke d'Harcourt drove up to the palace. Having entered the Pope's room and asked his blessing, he took a seat while his Holiness retired to lay aside the pontifical dress. Filippini, who was in waiting, had provided for him a black suit, such as is worn by priests. The Pope for a moment raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, then kneeling, with his face buried in his hands, he fervently prayed to God. What, at such a moment, must have been the prayer of the Vicar of Christ to the Eternal Father! O my God! thou beholdest me likened to thy Only Son, who, in return for benefits, favors, and graces shed with such a bountiful hand among his people, reaped but a harvest of ingratitude, barbarity, persecution, and the agony of the cross. My God! behold thy Vicar, the head, the guardian and the father of thy Church, driven out as a wanderer from among his children, to take refuge on a foreign shore, through the midst of a thousand snares and perils of death. Deign to lend thy aid, guidance and protection. Mary, Mother of Jesus, I throw myself under the protecting wings of thy love. He then arose, continued his prayers standing, and fixed his eyes, flowing with tears, upon the clothes which did not belong to him. 'Courage, Holy Father,' said Filippini, drawing his attention; 'your Holiness will have leisure to pray after awhile; now time presses.' The Pope took off his purple stole, kissed and placed it at the foot of the crucifix, then with the aid of Filippini he also laid aside his white dress. None can better conceive his acute grief during this act than they who have been despoiled of the holy habit, however poor and despised, which they had worn in the asylums of their vocation.



"Having put on the suit of black, he returned to the Duke d'Harcourt, who having again cast himself at his feet and received his benediction, said, 'Depart in safety, Holy Father; the Divine Wisdom inspires you with this step; may the Divine Power lead you to its happy accomplishment.' The Pontiff then proceeded through certain obscure passages to a secret door, called the door of the Swiss, which opened on the stairs of the great hall; but having joined and given the signal to a faithful follower, who had been standing on the watch, it was found that in the confusion the door had been left unlocked. Although this omission caused a great risk of detection, the Pope was not discouraged; Filippini hastened back, and having procured the key, returned to the room, where he found the Pope on his knees in a corner, absorbed in prayer. There was now some difficulty in opening the door, but when it at last yielded, they descended the steps and entered a carriage. Here again we must admire the watchful care of Providence; for an officer of the palace who accompanied them, having opened the carriage door and lowered the steps, knelt according to custom, but the Pope called to him in an undertone as he entered: 'What art thou doing? Stand up, lest the guards see you.' The poor fellow jumped up instantly, filled with confusion at his absence of mind. In the palace, it was necessary to admit more than twenty-four persons into the secret, yet (what is not a little surprising) all displayed such fidelity and prudence that none of the conspirators had the least suspicion of what was going on.

"The Pope wore a dark mantle, a low round hat, and a large brown cravat over his priest's collar. Filippini carried under his cloak a three-cornered hat, a package containing official papers of the highest importance, the seals, a breviary, slippers, some linen, and a casket of gold medals stamped with the head of the Pope. On leaving the palace, Filippini, as was his custom every evening, saluted the two officers of the Civic Guard: 'Good night, friends!' 'A very good night to you, Filippini.' 'Addio!' and he drove down the *Tre Cannelle*. But, as every place was full of spies—and he had some fears of being followed by the conspirators—he directed the coachman to drive through different streets, so that having turned towards the Forum of Trajan, he went up the *Via Alessandrina* to the Coliseum, and thence through the hay-barns to the Church of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, where Count Spaur was waiting in great anxiety on account of their delay. Here the Pope turned towards the church, from which he derived his former title of Cardinal, and after a lively aspiration to those two great martyrs, he entered the carriage of the count, shook hands with Filippini and then proceeded in silence towards the Lateran.

"What sorrow moved the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff when he passed that Basilica, '*Caput et Mater omnium Ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis*,' of which, in November, 1846, he had taken triumphant possession amid the acclamations and joy of Rome, and with the happy omen of a people filled with enthusiastic love and gladness! Now, in the darkness of night, while silence reigned in the streets, during the solitude and terrors of a sudden flight, he saw the high obelisk erect and motionless, like a terrible shade, placed as a guard before the temple of the Redeemer, which seemed to say: 'Depart, great Pius! may the Saviour protect thee; thy See is more immovable than the base upon which I stand; I shall pass away, but it shall remain.' And the great Pius bowed to the cross, which rose aloft on the summit of the obelisk; he threw himself in spirit before the sanctuary, humbled himself in the presence of God, and after

fervent supplications felt a divine strength and encouragement, which nerved him for the encounter of whatever misfortune might befall him. The carriage drew up at the gate of San Giovanni:—‘Who goes there?’—‘The Bavarian minister.’—‘Where to?’—‘To Albano.’—‘Pass!’—and the Pope was beyond the walls of Rome. He turned, and looking upon it with a sigh, silently and sorrowfully continued his journey towards the Alban hills; but the Archangel who accompanied him, and who read, in the decrees of the Almighty, the future destiny of the first Pastor, knew that after a year and a half he would re-enter by the same gate, which now beheld him a solitary fugitive, in triumph such as never before graced the return of any Pontiff into Rome.

“The countess arrived at Albano in the morning, where, although in the most feverish expectation, she took every precaution for the success of their plans, causing even the lanterns to be secretly removed from the travelling carriage. At Rome, the ambassador d’Harcourt remained in the audience-chamber, until he concluded that the Pope must be at a considerable distance from the city. After the departure of the duke, a prelate entered the papal apartments with a quantity of papers relating to affairs of State, and afterwards one of the secret chamberlains came to recite the office with his Holiness: also, at the usual hour, the evening meal was served; but, upon the announcement that the Pontiff wished to be retired, the attendance in the ante-chamber and the guard of honor were dismissed.

“Count Spaur having passed through Ariccia, stopped at the fountain which is on the high-road to Naples, near the sanctuary of Galloro, and alighted with the Pope to wait for his family. They had quitted the carriage only a few minutes, when five carabinieri, who formed the patrol on the road, rode up and immediately perceiving the two travellers, politely asked who they were. ‘I am Count Spaur,’ answered the ambassador, ‘Minister of Bavaria, on my road to Naples in the service of my sovereign, and I am waiting here for the arrival of my travelling coach, with my family.’ The carabinieri answered that the roads were secure, yet made an offer to accompany them. The count thanked them, but still they did not depart. The Pope was leaning against a palisade on the side of the road, and stood waiting with an appearance of tranquility. At length the countess arrived in a carriage drawn by four horses; but seeing the Pope and her husband surrounded by carabinieri, she knew not, in her perplexity, what to think, and when she observed one of them standing near the Pope, with his elbows resting on the same rail, she almost fainted through fear. She nevertheless stopped the carriage; the count placed in it the small objects above mentioned, and the countess, turning to the Pope, said, in her natural tone: ‘Come, doctor, quick, step in.’ The Pope entered and took his seat beside the countess, while the count with his valet Frederigo mounted on the box, having each a pair of pistols within reach in case of need. The countess sat on the right, with her son Maximilian in front; on the left the Pope was seated with the tutor, the Rev. Sebastian Liebl, facing him. They thus remained for some time in profound silence, and with almost suppressed breathing, from the reverence inspired by the presence of the Vicar of Christ. The Pope was the first to break this silence. ‘Courage,’ said he, ‘I carry with me the most Holy Sacrament in the very same pyx in which it was carried by Pius VI, when he was dragged from the midst of his flock into France. Christ is with us; he will be our shield, and will guide us in safety.’ At these words, all were sud-

denly prompted to fall upon their knees and remain there without uttering a word; but the benign Pontiff, again encouraging them, began to relate the incidents of his escape from the palace, and the special providence of God in overcoming every obstacle and baffling the vigilance of his enemies. In fact, while the Pope, at liberty, was rapidly approaching Gaeta, the wretches who were hatching plots against him even in his own ante-chambers, were still playing the lion, with their muskets on their shoulders and their daggers drawn, imagining that he was still their prisoner and that they could offer him every affront that their villany might suggest. A prelate of the Chamber seeing the secret door open, exclaimed, in amazement: 'The Pope has made his escape! The Pope has fled!' 'Silence,' whispered Count Gabriele, seizing him by the arm, 'silence, Monsignore, lest you bring instant destruction upon your own head.' The terrified prelate said no more, and the sentinels, unaware of what had happened, continued their watch all night over the nest of the eagle, which had already taken its flight, and which mocked from on high their infatuation.

"At Genzano, the count sent a postilion in advance, in order to prevent any delay in procuring horses at the post-houses; at Velletri the carriage lanterns were lighted, and the Pope, after paying the first compliments for the encouragement of the countess, turned to Don Sebastian and recited with him the *Itinerarium*\* and other prayers. At midnight, he took, by way of refreshment, part of an orange which had been presented to him. In crossing the Pontine Marshes the company yielded to a brief slumber. At five o'clock they arrived at Terracina, and about half an hour after they crossed the frontier, without meeting a patrol or encountering any untoward accident. The Holy Father, on arriving at the boundary of his States, raised his eyes to heaven, and joyfully intoned the *Te Deum*, which was recited with united voices; he then said the divine office with the priest. Thus he was far beyond the limits of the Roman territory before the perfidious conspirators, who besieged his palace with their guards, suspected his departure; and in the meantime, the grovelling members of the Roman Assembly were conceiving their infamous designs against the Father of the Faithful, and consulting upon the means of depriving him absolutely of all temporal power, of expelling him from his palace, and confining him in the ancient cloister of the Lateran as Bishop of Rome.

"The Pope pursued his journey without accident; at Fondi, however, one of the fore-wheels took fire from the rapidity of their course, and they were compelled to stop to throw on water and oil the axles. As the curtains had been drawn, and the Pope had taken off the brown neckcloth, one of the bystanders looking at him attentively, said to his neighbor: 'That looks exactly like the Pope.'—'Why you're dreaming!'—'I tell you that is the Pope: I've seen him a hundred times.' At this moment, the horses being ready, they started. So certain were the people that the Pope had passed, that on the following day, when the prelates Pacifici and Fioramonti, foreign and Latin secretaries to his Holiness, passed through Fondi:—'Monsignori,' said some of the people, 'you belong to the Pope's court; he passed through here yesterday; you are no doubt going to join him.' When he arrived at Mola di Gaeta, there came to meet his Holiness two gentlemen, who proved to be Cardinal Antonelli and the Chevalier d'Arnau, secretary of the Spanish embassy, who, with

\* A form of prayer prescribed for clergymen during a journey.

joy beaming in their countenances at the fortunate arrival of the Pope, followed him to the Villa di Cicerone, where he alighted. He immediately returned thanks to the Divine goodness which had been his guide and protection, and brought him safe from the midst of so many dangers, into a peaceful kingdom, governed by a king of such magnanimity and piety. About midday, a collation was served in a private room by Cardinal Antonelli, while the family of the count sat down to table in the hall of the albergo. Thence he despatched a letter to King Ferdinand, announcing his arrival in his States, and informing him that he was on his way to Gaeta. This letter was intrusted to Count Spaur for presentation to his Majesty, and no delay took place before his departure.

He took the light carriage and the Spanish passport of the Chevalier d'Arnaud, giving the latter his own Bavarian passport in exchange, and charging him to be his substitute in attending upon his Holiness, and to conduct him and the count's family to Gaeta under the name of the minister Spaur. The count started at two in the afternoon, and arrived at Naples about ten at night, where he drove to the residence of the nuncio Garibaldi, whom he requested to accompany him to the palace and present him to the king. The king on receiving the Pope's letter, showed the greatest emotion, even shedding tears of mingled grief and joy; grief for the trials to which Christ's Vicar had been subjected by his ungrateful and perfidious subjects; joy for the honor of receiving him as his guest in his kingdom. He lost no time, but hastening to the apartment of the queen, who had already retired to rest, and of his sons, who were already asleep: 'Up quickly,' he exclaimed, 'the Pope is at Gaeta; this very night we must hasten to throw ourselves at his feet and prove to him our exultation.' The king then sent the masters of the palace to the wardrobe, and others to the merchant's stores, to collect every kind of manufacture of rich silks, linens and stuffs for the use of the Pope. He himself drew from the royal cases every kind of gold and silver plate, services of porcelain, chandeliers and other rich ornaments. 'Carry all on board,' cried he, 'and then we embark for Gaeta. We have the Pope! The Holy Father is with us!' His countenance beamed with gladness, devotion and piety; he gave orders to a few hundred grenadiers of his guard also to embark instantly, and to follow in another vessel, that on the following morning they might do the honors, and serve as a guard to his Holiness. The passing and repassing of the officers of the palace, the lights flitting across the windows, through the passages and over terraces, and the commotion among the royal guards, brought crowds of curious people into the streets, which at that late hour had become almost deserted. 'What's the matter? What has happened?' And the people crowded round the palace in such numbers that it was found necessary to double the guard. 'Certainly,' said they, 'some sudden outbreak must have taken place in the Calabrias and in Basilicata: the king flies to Gaeta, the troops are commencing their march to suppress the rebellion.' A thousand conjectures were formed at the same moment; but not a word of the real secret transpired in Naples."

## HONESTY REWARDED.

Continued from page 343.

It now became necessary that the unfortunate man should leave the neighborhood, and seek elsewhere for hearts more alive to the calls of humanity. It was towards St. Denis, near Paris, that the unhappy family resolved to direct their steps. There lived in this place an aged uncle of Andrew, a gardener by profession like himself, and who had often invited the latter, when a boy, to come and visit him.

The journey presented serious difficulties. In the first place, money was required, and they knew not where to procure it; then it was absolutely requisite they should take with them the valuable deposit, with whose existence the father and daughter were alone acquainted; and this circumstance suspended for some time the execution of their project.

In this extremity, Jane secretly disposed of all the little jewelry and trinkets which the baroness had formerly lavished upon her with no sparing hand, and which the grateful girl had heretofore treasured as sacred reminiscences of the generous condescension of her noble mistress. She sold off also the better portion of her own and her father's wearing apparel; and this being done, she proceeded to repair, as well as she could, an old cart that belonged to the family, and in which she contrived with admirable skill to fix a two-fold flooring. The vacant space was intended to conceal the money of their late master, where it was safely deposited, unknown to and unsuspected by the prying but otherwise estimable Annette.

The poor woman, however, whose health was sadly changed since misfortune had overtaken the family, had at length learned the evil of a voluble tongue, and was now perhaps not incapable of guarding the secret of the embarrassing trust which had been imposed upon her husband, had he not himself, with a kind as well as prudent precaution, already determined to spare her any additional cause of inquietude.

All the preparations being completed for their approaching departure, Duval sold for a trifle the roof beneath which his eyes first opened to the light of day, and the pretty garden that had so long flourished under the culture of his own industrious hands; and having made known his place of destination to Madam Hermann, lately housekeeper at the chateau, and who continued to reside in the neighborhood, he bade adieu, with his wife and daughter, to this inhospitable region.

It was a sorrowful leave-taking, and as the last house of their native village faded from view, they could no longer repress the tears that started to their eyes. It was sad indeed thus to part, perhaps forever, from the home of their birth, where they had passed so many peaceful and happy years. The grief of Annette in particular was such that the husband and daughter feared for the consequences in her feeble state of health. But through her strong affection for them, she succeeded in calming her feelings, and during the remainder of the journey, which was performed by short and easy stages, she was enabled in a great measure to subdue or at least conceal her sufferings, both mental and bodily.

At length, on the evening of the sixth day, Andrew had the satisfaction of drawing up his vehicle before the residence of his aged relative, which he had visited before, and where he now hoped, with the welcome of a warm and sympathizing heart, to find the shelter which himself and family so much needed. But here his evil fate had fresh trials in store for him; the old man whom he had come so far to seek, and on whose kindness he had so confidently relied, was no longer alive, having been carried off several days previous to their arrival, by a sudden illness, and thus the unfortunate family found closed against them the door of that house in which they had placed their last hope of refuge from the storms of fate.

We will not dwell upon the bitter disappointment of Duval under these circumstances; it may be more easily imagined than described. His wife sank almost in a dying state into the arms of Jane, and her case demanding prompt attention, she was taken to an inn, where, the proper remedies being applied, she soon came to herself, and was permitted to enjoy the repose necessary to her after so many days of suffering and fatigue, both of mind and body.

Leaving her to the daughter's attentions, Andrew, his heart sinking beneath its numerous cares, returned to his wagon, which he placed under a shed, making it his resting-place for the night, as had been his custom on the road; for in the midst of his own most cruel tribulations, this faithful servant never lost sight for a single moment of the property of his lord.

The next day, however, things assumed a more cheering aspect for the poor family. Annette seemed much better, and Andrew ascertained that his kind relative had bequeathed to him by a will, drawn up with the proper legal formalities, all his little personal assets, his clothing and household furniture, with the implements requisite for the business of gardening. He succeeded also to the humble dwelling of his uncle, and the plot of ground attached to it, which, though small, was very productive. In a few days he took possession of his new abode, where he could again deposit in safety the treasure which he must still conceal from every eye.

For the first few months every thing went on prosperously; Andrew cultivated the little plot of ground of which he had become the proprietor, and as this did not afford him sufficient employment, he hired the remainder of his time to the head gardeners of the neighborhood. On her side, Jane, with the aid of the horse and cart, managed to dispose of her mats and baskets, as also the vegetables which could be spared from the garden. Thus peace and comfort began to reign in the household; at times even, the native gaiety and humor of this charming girl recalled the almost forgotten smile to the lips of her beloved father, and her ever watchful tenderness went far to alleviate the mother's afflictions.

But, alas! this period of calm was only a pause in the onward march of their misfortunes. The revolutionary tempest was sweeping with unbridled fury over the length and breadth of France; the cottage and the palace were alike devoted to ruin and desolation, and the lately reviving prosperity of the family of Duval was not destined to escape the universal wreck of those disastrous times.

In the first place, Andrew was deprived at one blow of all his occupations in the neighborhood, and was thus reduced for a livelihood to the solitary cultivation of his own little plot of ground. In addition to this, the malady of his

wife had increased to so alarming a degree as to preclude all hope of recovery, and they were under the necessity of watching incessantly, night and day. And to crown his misfortunes, as it were, the poor horse, on whose services they so much depended, was wrested from them by a requisition of the government, and they received in exchange only assignats, which at that time were of little or no value.

The fortitude of Duval gave way under these successive reverses; his strength failed him, and he abandoned himself to a melancholy state of feeling, from which not even the tender endearments of his daughter could withdraw him. But to the honor of this good man be it said, never in this dire extremity, when each hour of his life brought some fresh agony to his soul, never did the thought once cross his mind of resorting to the treasure so temptingly in reach of him. His noble Jane, besides, would have supported him against such a trial of his integrity, had it been required. Continually did this heroic girl repeat to him, in her sweet, caressing tones:

"God tries us, my father, for the present, it is true, but only to bless us at last; does he not see our sufferings, as well as the efforts we make to remain faithful to his commandments? Ah then! let us not lose courage; let us place our trust in him; the time is coming when all our sorrows shall have an end."

This worthy child struggled against poverty and affliction with an energy more than human. Whilst her father watched by the pillow of their beloved patient, she, bending under the weight of a large basket, sallied forth each morning through the neighborhood to barter the fruits and vegetables of their little garden; and often did it cost her many a weary step to find a purchaser. This done, she hurried back without loss of time, to superintend the cares of the household. She moreover busied herself day and night at her charming fancy work of reeds and osier, and the close neighborhood of Paris afforded a ready sale for the product of her skill and industry.

Thus, thanks to the unflinching courage of this generous girl, thanks to the self-denying privations she practised in secret, and amid toils and hardships before which the heart of the strong man would have quailed, she continued for the space of an entire year, the only stay and comfort of her parents, warding from them the sharp pangs of poverty, whilst the poor invalid never wanted, to the last moment of her life, those soothing attentions so much called for by her melancholy condition. But when at last the knell of separation was sounded, when the hour came for bidding adieu to this mother, this wife so tenderly loved, both Jane and her father were overcome by the violence of the blow; and it was many days ere they were sufficiently themselves to return to their ordinary occupations.

You are not ignorant that when, from any cause whatever, the work of the laborer is suspended, the loss of time is to him an irreparable evil. This was sadly evinced in the grief-stricken abode of Andrew and his daughter.

Jane was the first to rally. Alarmed at the frightful grief into which she saw her father plunged, by a sudden and powerful effort she shook off the torpor of her own feelings, and throwing herself upon the bosom of the unhappy Andrew, conjured him to take courage, to be himself again. The sole answer of the miserable man was a despairing gesture, as he pointed to the empty provision chest. The young girl raised herself from his arms, stood for a moment in deep thought—then a sudden inspiration flashed its light over her features,



and escaping quickly through the door of their cottage, she ran to a neighboring hair-dresser, who had often seemed to admire her beautiful hair, and without hesitation offered it for sale. The bargain was struck, the sacrifice made, and concealing her rifled head in the folds of a thick handkerchief, she hastened home, secretly congratulating herself over what she had done, for she brought back food to the famishing lips of her father; and it was with a glad heart she beheld him satisfying the hunger with which he was consumed. As its first pressing wants became appeased, a sad presentiment crossed the mind of Duval. He imagined that to procure these provisions his daughter must have run in debt, a thing he held in abhorrence; this thought took away his appetite.

"How will we pay for these?" said he, sorrowfully, as he pushed from him the bread and morsels of bacon upon which he had been feasting the moment before; "our rent is high, and the time for paying it elapsed."

"Never do you mind, father, but eat away and do not disturb yourself," responded Jane, with the frank, ingenuous smile that ever lent an indescribable charm to her countenance; "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. For the present, thanks to our good God, we owe no one, and we have besides, wherewith to maintain us for several days; in the meantime we can return to our work, and the rent will pay itself."

"But how hast thou been able to purchase these provisions?" insisted Andrew.

"Oh! that," stammered this estimable girl, "that is a secret of your Jane; let it remain the secret of her own heart. She will tell it to you another time."

"No! no! I must learn it at once," replied Andrew, sharply. Then as he sternly scrutinized his daughter's looks, a sudden revelation dawned upon him—he rushed towards her, snatched off the handkerchief in which her head was enveloped, and with a heart-piercing cry, sank upon a seat like one paralyzed.

"Father! father!" exclaimed Jane, pressing him in her arms; "why grieve yourself for so small a matter? My fine head of hair was of no real service to me; indeed, it was at times inconvenient and troublesome; moreover, I might have lost it by sickness. Well at any rate I have had my profit out of it, and if you could only know with what delight I received the five silver crowns, worth three livres apiece, which it brought me, you would not now disturb my happiness with vain regrets, which only afflict your daughter."

As his noble child thus gave vent to the generous emotions of her heart, Andrew continued to regard her with an ineffable expression of mingled tenderness and grief.

"Oh, my child! thy filial offering is already blessed, for it restores me to myself—it teaches me my duty. Yes! I acknowledge with shame and grief, that I was yielding to a criminal despondency; but with a daughter such as thou, my Jane, I will know how to bear up against adversity, and henceforth we will fight bravely, whatever may happen."

After this mutual outpouring of their hearts, the father and daughter resumed their ordinary occupations with renewed energy, and want was once more banished from their humble fireside. And as the general state of affairs began to improve, labor returned to its natural channels, and the honest Duval, who had made for himself an excellent character throughout the neighborhood, soon found ample opportunities of profiting by his skill as a gardener.

Assured of the means of subsistence for himself and his beloved daughter,

his mind recovered in some degree its former serenity. But in the silent depths of his heart there were memories so distressing, that he was not at all times master of them. In his conversations with Jane, he was ever reverting to these sorrowful reminiscences, mingling with them allusions to his former master, the baron, whose uncertain fate occasioned him the most lively solicitude. Several times of late he had written to Madam Hermann, who had once acted in the capacity of housekeeper at the chateau, requesting her to inform him on the instant of the baron's arrival, should he ever return from his exile; but this woman, who like himself was devotedly attached to the noble but unfortunate family, had not thus far afforded him the information he so much desired.

One winter evening, as he was seated with Jane before a fire kindled from branches of the vine, on which their supper was cooking, he again recurred to the absorbing subject, and which now occupied his mind the more, as he had heard recently of the return to France of several emigrants, and he was on the point of writing once more to Madam Hermann, when a knock at the door interrupted his design.

As both the father and daughter had carefully abstained from forming acquaintances in the neighborhood, a visit was quite unlooked for by them, especially at such an hour of the night. They therefore regarded each other with looks of astonishment, not unmingled with anxiety and alarm. Andrew, taking up the lamp, which, however, afforded but a dim and uncertain light, advanced to the door, and on opening it saw before him an aged-looking man, his hair blanched by the snows of time or of grief, or both combined, and whose general exterior announced the extreme of poverty and wretchedness.

"I am a poor wanderer," said the stranger; "I come from a great distance, and night has overtaken me on the road. In the name of heaven, I beseech you permit me to rest beneath your roof; I am exhausted with fatigue, my limbs are numb with the cold, and I have not wherewith to obtain a lodging at the inn."

This appeal, though uttered in a broken and scarcely audible voice, carried with it such unmistakable signs of real and unfeigned suffering, that it went irresistibly to the hearts of Andrew and his daughter. The traveler was promptly and cordially admitted to the hospitalities of their fireside, and Jane hastening to throw on a fresh supply of fuel, a cheerful light quickly shed its rays around the room, disclosing more fully to view the person of the unknown. But, strange to say, his hat was drawn so carefully over his face, that it was not possible for his hosts to make out the features; he seemed, besides, greatly agitated, and maintained a studied silence.

Alarmed at these suspicious circumstances, and imagining that he could detect some evil intent in the embarrassed demeanor of the man, Andrew regretted the inconsiderate haste with which he had invited him into his cottage, and now firmly resolved that he should not remain for the night, he abruptly proposed to take him to some inn, offering at the same time to defray the expenses of supper and lodging.

"Thank you," stammered the stranger, with a confused manner; "but I would prefer remaining with you—it is so long since my ears have been gladdened by the sound of a friendly voice."

"But, sir," responded Andrew, bluntly, "I do not know you, and you cannot lodge here."

"It is requisite, nevertheless, that I should stay," insisted his persevering guests; "my safety depends upon it, and you will not refuse my prayer when you shall have recalled the past."

As he spoke he lifted the large hat which had until then concealed his features, and opening his arms to Andrew, the latter precipitated himself into them with a cry of mingled joy and grief, for he had recognized the Baron de Tilk.

"My kind, my beloved master," exclaimed he, bursting into tears; "I have found you again at last, but in what a condition?"

"Yes, as thou perceivest, my friend," replied the baron, "misfortune has not spared me; my wife, my child, my property, I have lost all; nothing now remains to me, save thy faithful affection."

"And your hundred thousand livres, my dear master," interrupted Duval, cheerfully. "For you it is not much, I confess; but with such a sum in possession, you will not at least be without the necessary means of living."

"Can it be so? What, my faithful Andrew! amid the frightful train of evils which have desolated France, and forced thee, as I well know, to fly from thy native village, hast thou been able to preserve for me a deposit, whose safe-keeping must have involved so much of difficulty and peril?"

"It is under your feet, my kind master," replied the honest servant, with a feeling of proud delight; "Jane and I have hidden it away safely enough and guarded it with untiring vigilance. Thanks to God, whose providence has watched over and protected us, you will find it untouched."

As the Baron de Tilk gazed upon the father and daughter, of whose misfortunes he had been fully apprised by Madam Hermann, he seemed like one overwhelmed by the force and multitude of contending thoughts. He remained lost in silence, and wherefore should he speak? It was not for empty words to express his gratitude—his actions must speak for him. For the present, he could only press the hand of Duval with profound emotion, whilst he bestowed upon Jane the most touching marks of affectionate regard.

A month after this, the baron procured the erasure of his name from the list of banished persons, although, as we have seen, he had anticipated the effect of this measure, by returning to France through the aid of a forged passport. He was also restored to the possession of such portions of his property as had not been disposed of by the government. Thus free to give full vent to the generous impulses of his heart, he entered a carriage one morning in company with Andrew and Jane, but without affording them the slightest hint as to his intentions. On the third day they had the happiness of beholding once more their native place, where a handsome house, situated in the midst of a beautiful domain, had been purchased secretly in the name of the gardener's daughter.

"Welcome to our new home, my friends," said the baron, inviting them to enter this pleasant abode. "Henceforth we will leave it no more. Jane will be our superintendent of the household, and thou, my faithful Andrew, thou wilt be the friend, the companion, the comfort of thine old master's declining years. In each of you, poverty has been exalted and adorned by a courage which no dangers could turn aside from the path of duty, and a probity whose disinterestedness was proof against every temptation. But in the midst of your present happiness, you will not fail to recognize another instance of the loving kindness with which a beneficent Creator oftentimes, even in this world, recompenses those humble virtues which derive their strength from the foot of the Cross."

## DEATH SCENES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

Louis the Sixteenth, on leaving his prison the morning of his execution, asked pardon of one of his gaolers for some hasty words he had addressed to him a day or two before, prompted, no doubt, by some brutal insult or another. On the scaffold, the martyred king thus addressed the people: "I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge, I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray to God that the blood you are about to shed, may never fall back upon France!" He would have proceeded, but a roll of drums silenced him, and the guillotine fell upon one of the most virtuous of the kings of France!

Fenelon, during intervals of intense agony, expressed delight in becoming so assimilated to his suffering Redeemer. "*Christe confixus sum cruci*" he many times repeated, and when his torture was most severe, continued to ejaculate: "Yes, Lord! thy will be done, and not mine." To his family and many friends, clustering around the bedside of their beloved archbishop, he bade an affectionate farewell, and bestowed on them a solemn benediction, after which, listening to the prayers for the departing, recited by the Superior of the seminary of Cambrai, he gently breathed his last.

When one of the friends who surrounded the death-bed of Bossuet, promised to keep guard over his posthumous glory, the dying prelate made an effort to exclaim: "Who is it speaks to me of glory? beg rather of God to forgive me my sins."

Madame Louise Marie, the youngest daughter of Lewis XV, who to the splendors of birth and the luxuries of the most magnificent court in Europe, had preferred the habit of a Carmelite nun, in one of the poorest convents of France, died in the very odour of sanctity of an illness accelerated by the austerities of that severe order operating upon her naturally delicate constitution.

During the last illness of Blaise Pascal, he directed that a poor sick man should be laid by his bedside, and that every attention and comfort lavished upon himself, should be shared in equal degree by his humble brother in Christ.

Of St. Thomas Aquinas, it is recorded, that conscious of the approaches of death, he "begged to be taken off his bed and laid upon ashes spread upon the floor. Thus lying on the ground, weak in body but vigorous in mind, he waited for the priest with tears of the most tender devotion. When he saw the host in the priest's hand, he said: 'I firmly believe that Jesus Christ, true God and true man, is present in this august Sacrament. I adore thee, my God, and my Redeemer.'"

When in his dying moments, the medical attendants were vainly essaying the application of hot irons to the neck, and caustic to the bared scalp, of St. Francis of Sales, he is reported to have shed tears under excess of pain, and many times repeated: "Wash me, O Lord, from my iniquities, and cleanse me from my sins."

The philanthropic St. Vincent of Paul, on the very night of his death, thus apostrophised a young priest that stood at the bed foot, who had evinced some astonishment at the composure with which the holy man seemed to contemplate his approaching end: "Be not scandalised, brother, if I do not seem to prepare with fear and trembling for this passage: for twenty years past God

has given me grace to fall asleep every night under the impression that I may never wake again."

We cannot better conclude this chapter of mortuary records, than by extracting the glowing description of the last moments of our glorious Saint, Francis Xavier. The passage derives additional interest from the fact of its being the tribute of a Protestant pen, to the memory of one of the illustrious Apostles of the Catholic Church:

"His earthly toils and projects were now to cease for ever. The angel of death appeared with a summons for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital powers. It was a solitude, and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society, and the purest of all the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful woe endured for his deliverance, and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith, and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mortal prison house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming: "In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum," he bowed his head and died."

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#### ON THE EFFICACY OF THE NAME OF JESUS.

JESUS! Redeemer of the world,  
Thy praise shall pierce the sky,  
Thy glorious banner is unfurl'd  
Triumphantly on high.

Thy mercies how shall we recount,  
For time would fail to tell  
Thy wondrous love, the rich amount,  
Beyond our notes to swell.

When on the bed of sickness prest,  
With pain and anguish sore,  
How was the NAME of JESUS, blest,  
All powerful to restore.

Then let us prize this precious NAME  
Beyond remedial aid,  
JESUS! who raised the dead the same,  
Hath pain and sickness stay'd.

TO FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT still,  
United praise be given,  
By those who strive to do His will  
On earth as 'tis in heaven.

# REDEMPTION.\*

A POEM.—IN XII BOOKS.

By JOHN D. BRYANT, M. D.

## BOOK I.

### ARGUMENT.

*The subject of Redemption is briefly displayed. It is then asked, who is its Author? what his parentage? who is his Father? who, his Mother? The poem proceeds to develop these points. God the Father, seated on his throne, surrounded by all the heavenly hosts, turning towards God the Son, announces that the time has arrived for perfecting the redemption of man. The Son accepts the task, and sends the archangel Abdiel, to Joachim, to inform him that his wife, Anne, is chosen to be the mother of Mary. The immaculate conception. The Devil, seated on his throne as prince of this world, discerns an unusual commotion in the region of Palestine; he proceeds to examine into its cause; he sees the new created Frond; recognises in it the second Eve, mother of the second Adam, and seeks to tempt it in its incipency, but is detected by the archangel Gabriel, and put to flight without having attained his object.*

THE MAN divine, of Adam's race the chief,  
Sing heav'nly Muse; tell how through Solyma  
He walk'd, how knock'd at her imperial gates,  
And o'er her ruin, long impending, hung,  
With tears and earnest pleading oft besought,  
Fain to avert destruction from her head.  
Nor her's alone, though first to hear his voice,  
Through cov'nant grace with him, whose faithfulness  
Was with the promise bless'd, but all who feel  
Sin's cumulative woe, who inly groan,  
And seek deliv'rance from her dire enthrall;  
The first to hear, yet obdurate reject,  
The only Hope whence safety could depend.  
Celestial Spirit, whose enliv'ning ray  
Wakes dead to life, illumines what is dark,  
And heav'nly order out of chaos brings,  
Breathe on the chaos of my mind, illumine,  
And raise me to full measure of a strain  
Best suited to angelic muse in height,  
But yet the proper theme of fallen man.  
Brood dove-like o'er the spirit of my song,  
That in soft cadence, I, redeeming love,  
May sing; or, fired with blest Isaias' zeal,  
Clear vindicate the providence of God  
To man. I wait thy coming, as of old  
Th' assembled Galileans sat, when tongues  
Of fire descending, kindled every heart,  
Inspired each tongue, and God Triune reveal'd.  
Conduct me up the empyréan vault,  
Whilst unannihilate I gaze on thrones,  
And hold familiar converse with the Saints,  
Catch the rapt measure from harmonious tongues,  
And thus inspired, their anthem glad repeat;  
Their anthem, mine, Redemption won, the wrath  
Of heav'n appeased, sin blotted out, no more  
Imputed to the erring sons of men.  
Thence to th' infernal dens, though much I dread,  
Conduct me, penal fires, created not  
For man, but for th' arch-fiend, who sinning,  
Fell from the blest abodes, and third part drew  
Of heav'n's angelic hosts, sadly entail'd  
In his dire fault and ruinous defeat,  
The end and righteous punishment of sin.

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May I, without reproof, his name with thine  
 Invoke, whose harp refresh'd the son of Cis,  
 And drove the demon from his guilty breast?  
 Benignly thee I call, Isai's fair son,  
 The anointed shepherd, whose glad voice made  
 Vocal Bethlehem's fruitful plains, and taught  
 Its choral rills to sing symphonious  
 With thy sacred lyre; or, should the memory  
 Please thee more, did'st go before, with song and dance,  
 With harp and lute, and trumpet's gladd'ning sound,  
 The cov'nant ark, resting the while at Gath.  
 So go thou before me, who celebrate  
 In verse, Israel's true Ark, the Saviour,  
 God-man, Prince of peace. Shepherd of Israel,  
 Sing sweetly unto me; attune my ear,  
 As heretofore thy harp, give soul to sense,  
 And sacred harmony to theme divine.  
 But thou, bless'd Spirit, for thou saw'st it all,  
 And every step partook'st of that grand scheme,  
 By which ungrateful man was saved from doom,  
 First tell, what human knowledge far transcends,  
 Without thee ne'er could know, what did in heav'n  
 Befall by high decree ordain'd, before  
 The God-man came to earth, our ills to share.  
 Recount his lineage, whence his high descent,  
 What Sire begot, what Mother calls him Son;  
 Then what vocation drew him from his throne,  
 T' attempt the rugged way, o'er which he trod,  
 From Beth'hem's crib, to Calv'ry's fated hill.

Before th' Almighty's throne, the Seraphim,  
 And all the heav'nly powers, assembling, held,  
 As wont, high festal day. Incense of praise  
 With sweetest perfume, redolent arose,  
 More grateful to th' Omniscient sense, than fat  
 Of bulls, or sheep on thousand altars slain;  
 Nor wanted music's melody, nor song,  
 Such as harmonious spirits, jubilant,  
 Before the Majesty of heav'n, entone.  
 Silence ensued throughout th' empyreal vault;  
 When, smiling, the great Father to the Son  
 Thus spake: "Only begotten Son, this day  
 The long expected year begins. Immersed  
 In guilt, and alienate in wrath, frail man  
 But wanders farther from the right; his fault,  
 Not mine, who made him free, and strong to stand;  
 And gave him helps, when fallen, to retrace  
 His devious way, prophets and priests, altar,  
 And sacred rites, to guide his erring thoughts,  
 And keep them fix'd firm to my just commands.  
 Justice no longer waits inexpectant,  
 Holocausts please no more; an infinite  
 Offence, an equal sacrifice demands,  
 Which paid, in justice I can justify  
 The fallen race, and bid the sinner live."

To whom the Son with mildness thus: "Father  
 Belov'd, thy will be done; thy will is mine.  
 Ere morning stars together sang, or erst  
 The sons of God rejoiced, this thy decree  
 Went forth—that I should do thy will, O God.  
 A body, so 'tis writ, thou 'lt fit for me.  
 But, all have gone astray; none doeth good;  
 How shall the Godhead dwell with tainted flesh?  
 Infinite sanctity, how can commix,  
 Or stain its purity with body ' of sin?  
 Sin it abhors, and ent'reth not th' unclean."

This, said he, knowing well the Father's mind.  
 From all eternity co-equal, he,  
 And co-existent with the Father, stood;



The Son all-knowing, as th' omniscient Sire.  
He ask'd not for himself, but those elect,  
Myriads of spirits bless'd—archangels,  
Dominions, seraphs, potentates and powers,  
Who, unimpeach'd, kept firm their first estate,  
And now, expectant, waited near the throne,  
To learn the high behests of God to man.

Beneficent, the Father thus replied:

"Effulgence of my glory, increate,  
Ever beloved Son, well pleased am I  
In thee. Justice and truth adorn thy words;  
Infinite sanctity cannot commix  
With sinful flesh; and yet, since man hath sinn'd,  
'Tis man must die, man born of Adam's race;  
'Tis he alone can suffer for the fault;  
So the decree went forth, so must abide.  
But finite sacrifice, for infinite  
Transgression, cannot compensate, nor mend  
The broken law, my justice not appease.  
This mystery is for thee, O Son, to solve,  
And render manifest to all the sons  
Of light, lest misjudging, inconsistency  
They should seem to find, in whom consistency  
Innate dwells. All power is given to thee,  
To thee, by whom creation e'er subsists;  
To make and unmake equally is thine.  
As at thy word, from slime, man perfect came,  
And Eve, his consort, frail embodiment  
Of woe, sprang perfect from his fruitful side;  
So pure from impure, clean from unclean seed,  
Is thine to constitute, and second Eve  
More worthy prove, true mother of mankind.  
Son, man's redemption rests with thee; the work  
Is all thine own, to plan, to execute,  
And all the glory thine; the sacrifice  
Sufficient, I accept; justice intact,  
And peace, embrace through thee; mercy and truth  
Ineffable, uniting, crown the whole."

Astonish'd, heav'n's glad choirs heard; and hearing,  
Celestial joy enkindled every heart,  
Beam'd redolent in each cherubic face,  
Inflamed their love, and fill'd with infinite  
Delight. Prostrate on heav'n's crystal plains  
They bow; bow, and adore th' Omnipotent enthroned;  
Their golden crowns they cast before his feet,  
Thrice holy him proclaim, first, last, and chief,  
The God Triune, who was, and is, and is  
To come; worthy all glory, honor, power,  
Majesty and dominion, to receive;  
In whom all things subsist, on whom depend,  
Eternal source of blessedness and joy.  
Prostrate, him thus adored the heav'nly choirs,  
Then ambient the throne, far as angelic  
Vision beams, a thousand times ten thousand  
Saints, thronging innumerable, arise.  
Their harps immortal joyously they strike,  
Harps ever tuned to minstrelsy of sounds  
Concordant, sweet, and thus they loudly hymn'd.

"Jehovah, Father, Sov'reign Lord, thee, we  
Extol, supremely bless'd, thee praise and sing,  
Just in thy ways, and merciful as just;  
Justice and mercy, shining attributes,  
Eternal as thyself, over thy works  
Hover, and rest on all who fear thy name;  
Who fear and love; fear to offend, and love  
To obey and serve; obedience easy,  
Service light, as they well know, who, springing  
From thine all creative pow'r, live but in thee;

Live, move, as from the first thou bad'st them live  
 And move, when out of nothing, at thy word,  
 Perfect they rose t' enjoy the bliss of heav'n.  
 Sweet e'en thy justice, when evok'd to bless,  
 But terrible, when fierce with vengeance arm'd;  
 That, they have prov'd, who ever firmly stood,  
 The rebel angels not less this, who felt  
 The direful force of thy all conqu'ring arm  
 Fall wrathfully upon their guilty heads.  
 Her deep foundations th' empyréan shook  
 Through all her wide circumference when, rising,  
 Thou didst ride upon the Cherubim, and swift  
 On wings of mighty winds didst fly; darkness  
 Beneath thy feet, thick darkness cloth'd thee round,  
 Whilst thundering thy flaming chariot roll'd  
 Full on the prostrate foe, and lightnings fierce  
 Of burning wrath transfix'd them, as they fell  
 Headlong from the high battlements of heav'n,  
 Thus happily purg'd from sin's first sad embroil.  
 But man, repentant, mercy finds and grace,  
 Who sinn'd not of himself, but thereto drawn  
 By fraud of the arch-fiend; mercy, if he  
 For mercy pleads, forsakes his devious ways,  
 Conforms to right his will perverse, and strives  
 Laborious by good works to demonstrate  
 His faith; nor by good works alone, but rules  
 The inward motions of the heart, controls  
 Its wayward thoughts, impure desires, and lives  
 Perfect the hidden life of thy new law.  
 These shall be sav'd, and rais'd to heav'nly joys."

Such was the theme of their glad song, the works  
 And ways of God, mercy and truth to man;  
 The meaning, not their blissful words, I tell,  
 For how shall finite infinite portray,  
 Or e'er their joys ineffable conceive?  
 The Father heard well pleased, heard the Son,  
 Pleased, the Paraclete, whose inspiration  
 Fills heav'nly souls with harmony divine,  
 At once the source and end of sacred muse.  
 Th' ethereal vault re-echoed their glad song,  
 Gladlier the heav'n's grew, ambrosial odors  
 Wide dispensing round, whilst all admiring  
 Seraphs, fill'd with bliss, shouted loud acclaim.  
 Not that so loud, nor so replete with joy,  
 Which hail'd the conqu'ring Godson, back return'd  
 From rout of rebel angels, dire o'erthrown;  
 Nor that, greeting the great Creator's works,  
 When on creation's morn the vast abysm  
 Resplendent shone with hosts of new made worlds.  
 Short interval, with sacred mirth fill'd up,  
 And sweet accentual song, now ended,  
 Beaming with smiles the great Redeemer spake:

"Blest sons, joy mutual inspires your breasts  
 And mine; mankind, mercy and grace, who seeks,  
 Shall find; despairing, he long waits the gift;  
 Best so, lest it too easily conferr'd,  
 Despising he reject. Some will reject,  
 And die, and thus salvation proffer'd them,  
 Them not avail. But now the day begins;  
 The new creation dawns; the promis'd Seed,  
 Ere long shall crush the wily serpent's head.  
 Intact the second Eve shall be, and free  
 From every stain of body, soul, and mind.  
 Beneath her sacred foot the serpent dies,  
 And sinful Eve a perfect counterpart,  
 Replete with grace, immaculate, shall find.  
 Abdiel, faithful alike 'midst faithful  
 Or perverse, new proof of faithfulness 'tis

Thine to give, none doubting, but task so high,  
 Behooves the care of whom his faithfulness  
 Hath nobly proved; trustworthiness appraise  
 Not mean. Thou know'st my servant Joachim,  
 The Nazarene, a perfect man, who walks,  
 He and his loyal spouse, in all the ways  
 Of God's commands, upright and pure. Him, sad,  
 In pray'r devoutly contrite, now behold.  
 Go thou, and with him talk, as friend with friend,  
 Familiar; tell him that his pray'r is heard,  
 That what he asks is granted; more than asks  
 Is granted, and long since decreed to worth  
 Approv'd in heav'n; dimly reveal the plan  
 Of grace celestial, now vouchsafed to man;  
 And further, what concerns him well to know,  
 Wisely disclose; the rest, discreet withhold.  
 Deem not this service light, nor unapposed;  
 Th' accursed spirit every toil will try,  
 Each avenue attempt, with hope to mar  
 The fairest issue of Almighty power;  
 Will try, but fail, addoom'd to greater wrath.  
 With this thy mission ends, at eve return;  
 To Gabriel leave the rest, with legions arm'd,  
 Who now encamps around the chosen seed,  
 Appointed guardian of this new made earth."

Thus ended, all the heavenly choirs dispersed;  
 Each to his sev'ral post instant repair'd,  
 Sweetly submissive, yet desirous each  
 T' have been the chosen messenger of grace;  
 Sole emulation of angelic minds,  
 T' excel in offices of love, and strive,  
 Who, ready, most shall serve, who best obey,  
 With pinions ariose eager to fly,  
 And execute the high behests of heav'n.  
 Nor waited Abdiel; but, swift as thought,  
 On azure wings uplifted, tinted o'er  
 With amethystine hues, dedalian shades  
 Burnish'd with gold, he urg'd his liquid way.  
 Cherubic hosts thronging the battlements  
 And crystal towers of heav'n, admiring, gaze  
 As he onward sped. Another sun, he  
 Seem'd, suspended in cerulean depths, or,  
 Aery-light swift shot athwart the sky;  
 Long way I ween, through upper, nether, cross  
 Mid-air; farther than e'er philosopher,  
 On some proud eminence, hath scann'd, aided  
 By optic tube, ether's expansive depths;  
 Adown the milky way, not dallying,  
 He sped, at Capricorn th' ecliptic cut,  
 Nor ceased, until on Thabor's fertile top,  
 Succinct he stood. No errant course, nor doubt,  
 Distracts his flight, divergent; way well known,  
 And travell'd oft by couriers of heav'n.  
 'Twas this the patriarch saw, when in the field  
 Of Luz, the radiant path wide open stood,  
 Throng'd to and fro with heav'nly habitants;  
 Through this th' archangel Raphael after pass'd,  
 To bless the house of Tobit, sore oppress'd,  
 And guide his son to Gabelus, dwelling  
 At Rages, in mount of Eebatana,  
 Where he wooed the seven times wedded maid.  
 A path full oft retraced by spirits just;  
 Abel the first, and Henoch subsequent,  
 Both happ'ly o'er it pass'd and walk'd with God.  
 Elias too, prophet of God, caught up  
 In chariot of fire, swept this starry road.  
 But later more illustrious it shone,  
 When on Thabor's heights, the great Redeemer

Stood transfigured, his raiment white as snow,  
 His face more glorious than the beamy sun,  
 Oped heaven's golden gates, and there unveil'd  
 The hidden glories of the blest abodes.  
 Upon that sacred mount Abdiel now stood,  
 A moment stood, to change his outward form  
 Ere he descends the vale, too radiant  
 Else, for mortal eye to scan undazzled.  
 A tunic deck'd his graceful limbs, his waist,  
 An azure cincture spann'd, a fillet bound  
 His hair, sandals his feet adorn'd, beauty  
 Immortal beamed in his face, and so,  
 Of manly port, mature of thought, pass'd on.

The fervid sun had measured half the day,  
 And in its zenith o'er Esdrela stood,  
 A fertile valley half, half wilderness,  
 In Issachar, brow'd by Mount Carmel's range  
 And Thabor, thence outspread to Baisan, which,  
 Scythopolis is call'd; a place desert  
 And wild, where she of Endor had her seat  
 Caliginous, and spirits vile consort;  
 Here cank'ring care and melancholy reign,  
 Here, on Gelboe, Isr'el's King, possess'd,  
 Fell on his sword, self-slain and reprobate;  
 Through it the torrent Cisson dedalous,  
 Rolls its foul waters to the neigh'ring sea—  
 A various plain, fertile and arid, dank  
 And dry, with beetling crags darkly o'erhung.  
 Within this dreary waste Joachim pass'd  
 His mournful days, bemoaning his sad lot,  
 His fruitless loins; with winds mingling his sighs,  
 And with the torrent floods of tears. "Ah me!"  
 He cried; "why was I e'er conceiv'd and born?  
 The scorn of men, depriv'd the smiles of heav'n;  
 Outcast from Israel, and from the hope  
 Of Israel's Consolation, soon to be.  
 What hath befall'n thy promise, Lord, that none  
 Among thy chos'n seed, childlessness shall know?  
 Shall Nazareth as Jericho become,  
 And no Eliseus arise with power  
 To heal the fount of barrenness and death?  
 Forbid it Thou, who barren mak'st rejoice,  
 With many children joyfully dispens'd.  
 Or, 'gainst me only is thy wrath outpour'd?  
 Me and thy handmaid, who, nor day nor night,  
 Cease to extol thy name, and frequent heap  
 Thine altars with the choicest of the flock?"

So breath'd he loud his plaint, so urg'd his pray'r,  
 With sighs and tears, low bending o'er the brook,  
 Nor heard the sound of footsteps drawing near.

"Why weep'st thou, Joachim?" the angel ask'd;  
 "Why art thou sad? All nature teems with joy;  
 The valleys smile, with vernal honors deck'd,  
 The fruitful hills rejoice, peace fills the earth,  
 And universal expectation hails  
 Messias' reign. Nor hear'st thou not the voice,  
 O'er Isr'el's plains resound—Prepare the way;  
 Let deserts as the rose and highways bloom,  
 Let mountains sing, and forests join their voice,  
 To hail Messias, Isr'el's Saviour, near?  
 It ill beseems that grief should rack the breast,  
 Tears dim the eye, of Isr'el's chosen seed,  
 Who chiefest should rejoice, for whom he comes,  
 And to whom chief the promises were giv'n."

Thus he smiling, as angels oft are wont  
 To smile at pious griefs, knowing the while,  
 Who most are loved, are most severely tried,  
 And with fruition crown'd of heav'nly joys.

To whom, dolorous, Joachim replied:

"Who art thou, fair young man, that smil'st at grief,  
Unfelt perhaps, and therefore hardly known?  
Thy words bespeak thee not a stranger here,  
Nor alien to the Hope of Isr'el's house."

"No stranger truly," Abdiel return'd,  
"Though I, this day, long way have come, perchance  
To comfort thee, unless thy heart forestall  
My kind intent, and stubbornly refuse,  
What I would fain bestow. But rise, and leave  
This wild, which brooks nor comfort nor repose.  
Know'st thou not, nor car'st, thy faithful spouse seeks  
Thee sorrowing and mourns thy long delay?"

Thus he, with sweetest accent, soon disposed  
His list'ning ear, persuasive touch'd his heart,  
And gently led the way, whilst Joachim,  
Unconsciously impell'd, his griefs disclosed.

"Truth manifests thy kindly words, young man.

Ill it beseems the chosen seed to mourn,  
On th' eve of Isr'el's great Deliver's birth.  
And yet, perchance, it is not known to thee,  
What causes Isr'el's joy, to me is grief.  
Two score and ten measure the narrow span  
Of years to my brief life and full of woe.  
No scion of our race smiles on my house,  
None calls me sire. Anne, my tender spouse,  
Has ceased to be as other women are;  
And now no hope remains, but, barren as  
We both have liv'd, so, barren, we shall die.  
My substance yearly I divide; one part  
Devote t' our frugal wants, one to the poor,  
The third to God. This Issachar despised,  
And stern reproved—Why dost thou, childless one,  
Heav'n accurs'd, presume to blend thy off'rings  
With the just? Know'st thou not 'tis writ—Cursed  
Is every one that beareth not? Depart,  
Thou sinful man. Thus openly reproach'd,  
The scorn of all our tribes, esteem'd more vile  
Than the unclean, a leper whose foul spots,  
Not Jordan's floods can heal, I fled the haunts  
Of men, and sought with savage beasts to die.  
From David's royal race Messiah comes;  
Of David's line by Nathan, I was born,  
But born with fruitless loins, unworthy deem'd,  
Israel's hope and long sought joy to share."

Complacently the angel lent his ear,  
Though conusant of all he heard relate;  
Then, after decent pause, thus courteously,  
With this epitropy began: "Thy aim  
Is just, Joachim, and approved; who would  
Not emulate relation with the Lord?  
The highest archangels near the throne, might well,  
Were 't so design'd, with sweet contention join,  
Who worthiest should prove of such renown.  
And yet, mysterious union! Create,  
With Increate conjoin'd! Who can conceive,  
Or without fear, altivolent aspire  
To incarnate a God? To seraphs 'tis  
Denied; on man conferr'd; therefore I blame  
Thee not high aspiration, and approve.  
But wilt thou then set to th' Almighty bounds?  
To Him say—Thus shalt do, and so far go?  
If barrenness he hath to thee adjudged,  
Know that 'tis best; perchance to punish thy  
Inordinate desire; or, it may be,  
To try thy faith, thy fealty, thy love.  
Be humbly wise, submit to Heav'n's decrees;  
Seek but his will, confiding leave the rest.

If grief for this, were just in thee, why not  
In all of David's line, innumeros,  
And render that impossible, which God  
Designs for one? All cannot equal share,  
And thy demur no favor finds with heav'n."

To whom, Joachim: "Wise beyond thy years,  
Thy words conviction lead. None shall be just  
'Fore God; abased in dust, man can but cry  
Unclean. Unclean am I, of righteousness  
Devoid; unworthy least of heaven's smiles;  
Far more to share in Is'el's rising hope.  
Though who desires not? 'Tis not this alone  
I mourn. Childless, my votive off'rings all  
Are scorn'd; reproachfully abash'd, I look  
Not on the face of man; my virtuous spouse,  
Fairest and best of heaven's gifts, they fain  
Would have me put away; death premature,  
Death easier far, death far less hard to bear."

So he, with gush of grief and tears renew'd;  
And thus the angel tenderly replied:

"The ways of God are not as ways of men.  
They choose the proud, the great; but he, the poor;  
The lowly, contrite heals, the broken binds,  
The needy lifts, and throned princes midst  
His people makes; and, as the mighty man,  
Whose quiver gleams, replete with barbed darts,  
He bids the barren to rejoice, and laughs  
To scorn the vain devices of th' unjust.  
What they with all their pow'rs cannot effect,  
Is possible, and easy wrought with him.  
Thou oft hast heard of Sarai, barren, who  
Advanc'd in years, incredulous of heart,  
Believed not the angel's words, and yet  
Conceiv'd, and in old age brought forth a son,  
Th' elected father of a numerous race.  
Nor only she—Rachel, the first beloved  
Of Israel, patient endured reproach,  
And late begat a son, favour'd of heav'n,  
Saviour of peoples, type of him to come;  
So Manue's spouse, after long delay,  
The valiant Sampson bore; and Samuel, was  
He not the child of long time fruitless pray'rs?  
Neither should'st thou, Joachim, less despair,  
But bide the will of God; wish as he wills,  
So best for thee; rejoice at others' good;  
Content, seek not too earnestly thine own;  
Take thankfully what heav'n bestows, the rest,  
Submissive, leave to his supernal power."

So on they walk'd, in sweet communion join'd;  
His sorrows this, the consolation that,  
Advanced. Meanwhile, Joachim felt his heart  
With heat unwonted burn; celestial fire  
The angel kindled there, fann'd the soft flame,  
And bid the embers glow. "What sort of man,  
Is this," he inwardly inquired; "who, fraught  
With honied words, my drooping spirits cheers?  
Or man? or angel? likeliest seems the last,  
And some have angels harbor'd unawares.  
His manly port, his stately mien, and garb,  
Of Israel him bespeak; much me' I fear,  
And dread, yet feel my heart with love inflamed,  
Such comfort he inspires." The angel knew  
His thoughts, but silent hasten'd on, nor turn'd  
To right or left, attent his mission high  
Swift to fulfill. The desert soon o'erpass'd,  
A fertile path his feet directs, with flow'rs  
Thick strown; carnation, daisy, lily, rose,  
With od'rous shrub, fragrant beneath his feet

(And by his gentle crushing sweeter grown.)  
 Their dews distil; more fragrant than the dews  
 Which soft on Hermon's fruitful hill descend,  
 Sweeter than Sharon's plain, or Araby,  
 Or perfumed zephyrs of the spicy isles.

The sun hesperian now declined the day;  
 When, issuing from the glen, his humble cot,  
 Joyful the saint espied. Anne, just then  
 Return'd from fruitless search, tearful, within  
 The door rested awhile, rack'd with suspense.  
 Beside her, consciousness, the archangel  
 Gabriel stood, whilst armed legions camp'd  
 Around the chosen seed, prime guardians  
 Of that precious germ, new made earth, from which  
 The new created Eve perfect should rise,  
 Long dormant kept, waiting the time decreed.  
 So camp the angels of the Lord around  
 The dwellings of the just, preserve from harm,  
 Their sorrows sooth, treasure their tears, their pray'rs,  
 As incense, to the mercy seat convey.  
 So Ab'ram, Lot, and valiant Gedeon, proved;  
 Them, all the patriarchs knew, and often  
 In sweet converse held; so at Eliseus' pray'r,  
 In Dothan, all the mountain gleam'd, frequent  
 And full, with myriads of angelic bands.  
 And so the patriarchs of the newer law,  
 Peter and Paul, and John, these messengers,  
 Oft entertain'd; but chief the Son of God,  
 After the flight of Satan, gracious deign'd  
 Their heav'nly ministrations to receive.  
 Now, Joachim more cheerfully disposed,  
 With quicken'd step hasten'd to greet his spouse,  
 And in her ear relate the joyful hopes,  
 Which new inspire his breast, to life restored.  
 Meanwhile apart, unseen by mortal sense,  
 Obeisance reverent, as is their wont,  
 Complaisantly th' archangels interchanged,  
 When, Abdiel made as he would farther go.  
 To whom, quick turning, Joachim thus said,

"Leave us not so, young man, tarry awhile;  
 Long journey now o'ergone, sore needs repose;  
 Stay and partake with us such fare as we  
 May have, if thy acceptance worthy deem."

Seeming, the angel acquiesced; he turn'd,  
 And enter'd their abode. More he delay'd  
 Not; but, gently join'd their hands. "Joachim,"  
 He said, "thy prayer is heard; a daughter thou  
 Shalt have, who, full of grace, shall firmly stand,  
 Where Eve, the first of women fail'd. Mary,  
 Her name shall be, exalted; for her name  
 Shall glorious be in heav'n and all the earth,  
 Chief, midst ten thousands, loveliest of the fair."

Anne, incredulous, revolved his words;  
 But Joachim replied: "Or mockest thou  
 Thy servant, or some mystery lies hid  
 Beneath thy words. Deign graciously t' explain;  
 Else verify thy speech. Give me a sign."

"More words I may not;" Abdiel return'd;  
 Enough for thee to know, if thou art wise.  
 The sign thou askest I may give; behold."

He spake, and instant vanish'd from their sight.  
 Celestial odors wide diffused the place,  
 Ambrosial fragrance, sweetest of perfumes,  
 The hyacinthine atmosphere of heav'n;  
 Through which the angel on ethereal wing,  
 Swift took his heav'nward way. With sacred awe  
 Inspired, they own the angel of the Lord;  
 Prostrate towards him bow; bow, and adore



The unseen Power, who him had gracious sent;  
Adore, and all his heav'nly words believe.

Hail! thou auspicious night, on which is hung  
Th' eternal destiny of erring man;  
May I record thy august rites unblamed?  
Sacred the theme I sing; the marriage bed,  
Pure, undefil'd. Away, away, ye prudes;  
Away impure, and ye profane; no place  
Is here for you, where only seraphs tread,  
Where saints alone repair. His loyal spouse,  
Th' illustrious parent of th' unsullied Queen,  
Up to his royal couch, Joachim leads;  
As when, in Eden's bloom, Adam first led  
The virgin Eve within their nuptial bower,  
Fresh from the hands of God, sinless and pure.  
No carnal thought, no lustful dalliance,  
Were there to stain the purity, intact,  
Of whom essential Purity ordain'd  
To be co-operators in his work.  
Th' archangel closer drew his armed guards,  
Cohorts of cherubim, innumerable,  
Whose two edged swords in fiery circles blazed,  
Whilst all around, horrent with spears thick strown,  
The heav'nly embassy appear'd, intent  
To ward, or harm or thought of harm, from off  
The chosen pair; or sly approach forefend  
Of spirits malign, roaming th' earth around,  
Eager for prey. Th' Almighty's arm above,  
Beneath, encircled them; for Deity  
A moment left his throne on high, to breathe  
A spotless soul within the spotless form  
Of this, the new created Eve, exempt  
From stain, from sin original secur'd,  
Through his redeeming blood, shed from before  
The deep foundations of the world were laid,  
And to her free applied; more rich in grace  
Than he, who, Israel's woes lamenting, sang;  
Or he, who, the prophetic choirs among  
Stands chief, forerunner of the Lord. Fulgent  
In graces both, but less than she, who sin  
Ne'er knew; more perfect than the first made Eve,  
Brighter than seraphim, or aught that stands  
Before the heav'nly throne, as well becomes  
Who the Redeemer worthy was to bear.  
So was she made inviolate, for now  
Nature no longer stays, no more forestalls  
The child of grace, expected long, at length  
Produced. Transcendent, happy pair! more bless'd  
Than our first sire. O seed immaculate!  
O sacred womb! with sacred increment  
Enlarged, how higher than the heav'ns your name  
Is raised; how wider than the earth is spread  
Your fame. Nor tongue can tell, nor ready pen  
Portray, the measure of your great renown.  
Th' arch enemy of man and prince of air,  
High on his hyperborean throne sat;  
By sufferance superior erect,  
Where sulph'rous fires dread thunderbolts concoct,  
Which, cloth'd with vapours from th' ocean suck'd,  
O'er land and sea fly, sweeping down amain,  
And hurl their wrathful terrors where they list.  
Thus high he built, ethereal, from what time  
This nether sphere 'neath his dominion fell;  
A gorgeous throne, in hues chatoyant dipp'd,  
Of gold, green, blue, purple and red; adorn'd  
With glitt'ring columns, pyramids and spires,  
'Midst circling domes of baleful fires imbow'd;  
The scene of fierce contentions, horrid sounds,

Armies on armies rushing oft, so they  
 Of Lapland tell, with fiery chariots arm'd,  
 Tormenting all the air; whilst men amaz'd,  
 Fall prostrate on the ground and deprecate  
 The god. Him, Odin, Scandinavia calls,  
 And worships on his flecker'd seat, destin'd  
 Ere long to be o'erthrown, no more to cheat  
 Mankind with semblance of a regal pow'r.  
 Satan his true name, and the same that fell  
 Like lightning from the heav'n's, to deepest hell  
 Consign'd. From thence escap'd, awhile unleash'd,  
 He now, with leer malignant, scans the earth,  
 Intent on prey; anon, fierce issuing forth  
 To slay, and gorge the maw insatiate,  
 Of his incestuous daughter Sin, and Death,  
 The grimy horror, by them both begot.  
 Thus watching, he beholds disturb'd the air;  
 Gleams of celestial light, as meteors, shot  
 The heav'n's and earth between, whilst to and fro,  
 Angelic messengers still hasty pass'd.  
 Meanwhile the undulating air convey'd  
 T' his sense the sound of sweetest minstrelsy;  
 Sweet to bless'd ears, but hateful to th' accurs'd;  
 Hateful to him, and rous'd his dormant ire.

"Comrades," he said, "something, which our estate  
 Behooves us well to know, transpires. Perhaps  
 Some inroad on our empire here, hard reach'd,  
 Though after, easy got, with simple trick  
 Play'd on the woman Eve; got easy, though  
 With many a hard fought field and hideous wound  
 Retain'd. Be 't so; our punisher his worst  
 Hath tried; at least, what more he can, he may;  
 For, though his thunderbolts o'erwhelm'd us  
 In the skies,ousting us of birthright there,  
 With this his power ends; as for the rest,  
 Do what he lists, he's worsted. Made he not  
 This world, to re-supply the vacant seats  
 Our legions held above? How much of it  
 Owns his allegiance? 'Tis worth your laughter—  
 A little strip bord'ring the middle sea;  
 And his possessions there, one while, reduced  
 To fifties in a cave; all else below  
 Orbicular, is mine. Nay, once to sev'n  
 Reduced; save whom, enraged, owning defeat,  
 He swept from off the earth the entire race,  
 To death consign'd; and thus secur'd to us  
 Our spoils, and filled, not his empty seats  
 In heav'n, but ours in hell, whilst we at ease,  
 Expatriate these verdant fields and plains,  
 Fit habitation for the gods, and well  
 Exchang'd for sulph'rous fires; where too I reign  
 Earth's emperor supreme; nay, more, earth's god,  
 Worshipp'd with sacred rites, with sacrifice,  
 Altars, and hecatombs, temples and priests.  
 What can he more receive? What more can have?  
 This my revenge, to render vain his plans,  
 To rival his renown, undo his works,  
 And fierce defiance hurl unto his face.  
 But now it seems, some new emprise assails;  
 For never, since the cherubim expell'd  
 The first of human kind from Eden, have  
 Such frequent bands from upper, visited  
 This nether world. Some new device, I doubt,  
 Which calls for new display, in me, of skill  
 To try what I single, may dare 'gainst him  
 Triple. Whate'er it be, this shall he learn,  
 That hell full as exhaustless is, in guile  
 To meet, as heav'n in pow'r t' assault our hold.

What it may be, the task is mine t' explore,  
And be assur'd, a full account I'll give."

This premis'd, up the gashful horror sprang,  
Like a tall pyramid of fire, belch'd from  
The entrails of Hawaiian hills, far round  
Illumining with lurid glare, the earth,  
Sea, air and sky; then, like a comet, shot  
The arctic zone, the temprate next, and from  
The zenith dropp'd, in Esdrela imbosk'd.  
So falls th' aerolite, a blazing brand  
Above, below unseen, scarce ever found.  
The monster knew his way; celestial light  
Mantled the place. Another Eden 't seem'd,  
Fill'd with delights. Th' archangel Gabriel  
He saw, with all his flaming hosts, encamp'd  
Around in panoply of war; and saw—  
O, hateful sight!—the new created Eve,  
That primal Frond from whence was fresh derived  
The Rod divine, destin'd to crush his head.  
"This, then, is that upstart," he mused, "promised  
So long, now come to conquer me. How, is  
Not said; like to the rest, I trow, tickled  
With straws, or with some bauble bought. Vain ev'r,  
Oft most, when best. And thinks my enemy  
Thus to repair his loss? With feeble flesh,  
Anew to tempt my sport, not prowess, who  
Stood in bold array, unconquer'd, before  
The mightiest he could send? He but derides  
The work of his own hands, and moves our mirth;  
Albeit our spite not less revengeful burns.  
But I at once essay this new device,  
And doubt not, as of all the rest, to taint."  
So mused th' arch-fiend, and straightway cast about,  
With what disguise to cloak his bad intent;  
Nor long stood at default, perite in wiles.  
The sun still linger'd in the ev'ning sky,  
And with refulgent light bath'd Nax'reth's cot.  
Into his cadent beams, a mimic ray,  
Fraudful the devil leap'd, expert, and sheer  
Elanced within the consecrated fold.  
Tartarean fumes evolved, the fiend betray'd,  
Nor respite gave him to perfect his fraud.  
That moment sank the sun beneath the hills,  
And the deceit, a fragmentary ray,  
Dissever'd stood; which, touch'd by Gabriel's sword,  
Pure alkahest, straight to his hideous shape  
Restored. Ten thousand flaming darts, instant  
Transfix'd him where he stood. With rage and pain,  
Precipitate he fled, nor ceas'd, until  
Within the Lybian desert he lay hid.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## ISABELLA ; OR, THE HEROINE OF ALGIERS.

Continued from page 365.

### CHAPTER VII.—*The Flight.*

God, to try his chosen ones, frequently covers with a dark cloud the rays of his mercy. He hides himself from our eyes, then we despair, and give up all as lost; but God is never nearer than at the moment when our hopes fade away. He wishes to convince us that all aid must come from him, and that it is in vain we trouble ourselves; we can never succeed unless his protecting arm seconds our efforts.

This Isabella had to learn by experience. It was a gloomy night, the wind blew violently, the rain fell in torrents, when her attentive ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps. Had an angel appeared to her, his presence could not have caused her greater joy than did the appearance of the brave sailor. He attached a letter to the end of a long stick which he had brought with him, raised it to the captive and disappeared. She opened and read :

“After making all necessary inquiries respecting your grandfather, I come to tell you that to-morrow evening at this hour, the good old man will be at the port of Algiers, where a vessel is waiting to receive him. You, too, are expected, dear girl : I cannot now enter into a detail of all I have done to free you. You shall know all—prepare yourself for flight. Be ready at your window. Probably I shall not be here before midnight. I will reach you a rope, which you must fasten to your window, and by which you must descend. Immediately on your arrival, the vessel will set sail. Cheer up, the hour of your deliverance is at hand.

DON GABRIEL MENDEZ.”

Isabella could hardly believe her eyes. She read the letter over and over again, and wet it with tears of joy. Oh ! how she accused herself for having a moment suspected the brave officer, who had done everything which the most ardent charity could suggest, to deliver her. Streams of tears flowed down her cheeks—she endeavored to rest—but sleep fled from her eyes—so great was her emotion.

The light had no sooner appeared than Isabella rose from her bed, and on bended knee thanked God for causing the day of deliverance to shine upon her, and conjured Him to bless an enterprise which would restore her to her grandfather. But the recollection of her good parents, whose fate was still unknown to her, gave a cruel check to this joy. Oh ! could she unite in the same joy those beings, her heart cherished so fondly ! that tender father, that amiable mother—but a dark mystery enveloped their destiny ; she could not believe that they were dead, and still she was not sure they were living.

That was a dreary day for Isabella. She longed for the night that she might fly to the arms of her grandfather, and learn what had befallen her parents. The sun went down—Isabella, eager with hope, again commended the enterprise to God, and stood by the window. Hour after hour passed away ; and no officer appeared. This delay awakened her fears. Had some unforeseen obstacles defeated the project and prevented him from executing his plan ? She trembled between hope and fear, when two men appeared at the corner of the

street, and approached the house she lived in; she looked, listened and recognized the voice of her deliverer. He had laid aside his uniform, and disguised himself with a large cloak, under which he carried the rope. He threw it into the air without loss of time; Isabella caught it with a dexterous hand, fastened it to the window, and glided down. She is in the street—one of her deliverers threw a mantle over her, and with a light step she descended the declivity which leads to the port. There a vessel was waiting. Isabella expressed her gratitude to the generous sailor. She would have wished to reward him; but what had she to offer? She had been stripped of all she possessed, and had not carried away any of the magnificent presents of Omar, not wishing to preserve any other memorial of that wretched man but the sufferings he had caused her. She inquired after her grandfather—but the officer smiled without making any reply. But she knew enough, however, to make her happy. She entered the galley and found—father—mother—grandfather.

I will not attempt to describe the joy of this meeting. It was a happiness which we may imagine, but not express. Let then the tears of tenderness flow on; nor dwell we on the transports which attend the meeting of friends who had never expected to see each other again; let us listen to the merchant, as he relates the history of the sufferings he had undergone since his separation from his daughter.

“I received several wounds from the Arabs, and fell senseless on the body of my poor wife, who was suffering severely from the ill-usage of the Arabs. I don't know how long I remained in this state, but when I returned to myself—thanks to the care of Teresa—I inquired after you, my daughter, but you were missing, and we could not guess where you had gone. Teresa filled the air with her shrieks, as she ran over the hill of sycamores in search of her daughter, but all was useless; and convinced that you had been taken away by the Arabs, we resigned ourselves to the sad fate of being separated from you. The thought that I should never more see my child, caused me so much anguish, that I would willingly have preferred death to such a misfortune.

“I was very weak, owing to the great loss of blood. Teresa bandaged my wounds, and as the night covered us with its protecting shadows, we resolved to retrace our steps and return to the old marabout, who had received us the evening before with such hospitality. We took advantage of the cool night air, and I dragged myself with difficulty along the shore of that sea which, in the morning, I had contemplated with so much pleasure. God gave me strength and supported me during the painful journey. Oh! what would I not have not given for a cup of water to quench my thirst! But that pleasure was denied me. In those sad moments, I did not know whether my life could be preserved, and instead of testifying my gratitude to God, I began to repine. Such is man! He soon forgets the favors he has received, only to remember his misfortunes, without thinking that virtue is purified by afflictions.

“Leaning on my wife's arm, I journeyed slowly towards the little temple of Mahomet. Twenty times I was obliged to stop, and each time I thought it would be impossible to go farther. After many efforts, we arrived by day-break at the little wood. Teresa knocked at the door of the marabout's house. His negro slave appeared. When he saw us covered with blood, he could hardly believe his eyes, and went to inform his master, who received us with the most touching charity.

"As I related the history of our misfortune, the tears rolled down the cheeks and upon the white beard of the venerable priest. He examined my wounds, which were happily not mortal. His negro slave brought a box of ointments, which the old man applied to my wounds, and he assured me that he would cure me in a short time.

"A father could not display more tenderness for a son, than that which the old man showed me. Frequently he passed hours by my bed-side, cheered me with his words of consolation, and it is owing no less to his generous care, than to his knowledge of medicine, that I owe the happiness of having recovered my health so soon. And why should one thought of sadness break in upon the sweet feelings of gratitude? How is it, that with so good a heart, the old man has not acknowledged the truth of the Catholic faith—but still wanders in the dark paths of error?

"When my health was restored, I did all in my power to learn what had become of my daughter. The marabout assisted me to fulfil this duty of paternal affection.

"Three weeks passed away and brought no news of Isabella. At last we were informed that she had fallen into the hands of Omar.

"The marabout, on hearing this, grew pale. 'I fear,' said he, 'you have for ever lost your daughter, for Omar is not the man to restore her; were you to place all the gold of the universe at his feet, he would turn away in scorn. His is a heart of iron. Inflexible, and not to be thwarted in his will, he is the basest of men when his passions are to be satisfied. Then he cares for nothing; he has a thousand means of corruption at his disposal, and almost always employs them with success. But let us not despair. I know that Omar fears me; I will speak to him in the name of the religion of the great prophet, perhaps he may be diverted from his purpose. I will write to-morrow, and threaten him with the anger of God.'

"The marabout was as good as his word. He addressed to Omar a letter, full of respect, but very severe, expressing his astonishment that he, who had to reproach himself for so many abominations, could dare to add incessantly new crimes to those he had already committed. He remonstrated with him on his disgraceful treatment of an unprotected girl, whose innocence and candor should have moved him to compassion; and concluded by threatening him with the divine vengeance.

"To this letter no answer was returned, and we heard eight days after, that Omar had fled with my daughter—no one knew whither. Judge of my situation! I must confess, to my shame, that I became furious, that I roared like a lion, and cursed the monster who thus insulted the holiest feelings of a father. I made inquiries to learn where Omar concealed his victim, and was in great alarm for Isabella; for though I knew her virtue, I was still in fear."

"Fear not," said Isabella, as she interrupted her father, "your daughter is pure; God has protected, and has not allowed her to make shipwreck of her virtue."

"Thanks be to Him," rejoined the father, "I have no new calamity to deplore."

"At the same time I was diligent in my inquiries after my father. I learned that he was employed in the garden of Omar. I wished to deliver him, but did not know how to set about it. More than once, in a moment of despair, I re-

solved to return to Spain, but an inward voice always kept me back. The old marabout too pressed me to stay longer, saying that in a country like that, we might always expect changes, which no human wisdom could foresee. I determined to follow his advice, and watch the course of events, and quartered myself on the hospitality of the marabout.

"The Mahometan priest learned many particulars from persons who came to see him. Among others, that a young Spanish lady was frequently seen at a window of Omar's house at Algiers. Her I took for my daughter. I learned at the same time, that a Spanish brig had arrived in the port of Algiers, and that she would return after an exchange of merchandise. On the vessel there were several Spanish officers, who had come on a secret mission to survey the African coast, and to examine in the state of Algiers. God permitted one of these—the brave Don Gabriel Mendez—to discover my daughter. The letter he received from you, Isabella, enabled us to free you and your grandfather.

"But still the marabout has powerfully contributed to the victory we have gained over the tyranny of Omar; it is to him we owe the idea of scaling the wall of the garden in which my father toiled.

"And here we are, met once more, to return together to our native land. What gratitude do we owe to God for such visible protection and divine blessings!"

These words were received with loud acclamation by all who sat at table. The captain of the vessel proposed a toast to the prosperity of a family which was again united almost miraculously.

"I too," said the officer, who had been instrumental in Isabella's deliverance, "have a particular toast to propose—health to her, whom I had the happiness of freeing from slavery; for it is owing to her fortitude and constancy that we have been able to break the fetters of the whole family. For had she yielded to the tyrant's impious desires, her father would have seen her no more, nor would her grandfather have been restored to liberty. 'Long live the Heroine of Algiers.'"

This toast was received with an enthusiasm which it were difficult to describe; it was repeated by a hundred voices, and the waves of the sea seemed to murmur, "Long live the Heroine of Algiers."

#### CHAPTER VIII.—*The Pursuit.*

WHILE joy reigned on the vessel, which was carried gaily on full sail through the Mediterranean, the demon shook the torch of discord and fury in Omar's house at Algiers. When the old woman came in the morning to the apartment of Isabella, to her great astonishment she found her missing, and all the jewels which Omar had presented to her lying on the table. Her loud shrieks drew a crowd of servants around her. They ran over the house in search of the young Christian, but she was nowhere to be found.

The slaves accused each other of negligence—but, through fear of Omar, no one dared to communicate the fatal news. At last an old slave, who had never been in the service of Isabella, and who was on that account less exposed to the tyrant's wrath, entered his room and told him what had happened.

The lion, wounded by the arrow of the Numidian hunter, could not howl more frightfully than did Omar at that moment. He rose, like a tiger thirsting



for blood, rushed to the young lady's room, and found the rope fastened to the window. He immediately saw that his victim had profited by the darkness of the night to make her escape.

Without loss of time he dispatched some confidants through the town to discover where the young Spanish lady was concealed, but learned that a vessel had left port that night, and that Isabella and several other Europeans were on board.

That sufficed. He issued his orders, hired a brig which was ready to sail, sent on board an immense sum of money, and, followed by his most trusty attendants, embarked to give chase to the fugitive Christian. "Isabella comes from Barcelona," said he, "and is now sailing thither." And for Barcelona they too steered.

This mistake gave the Spanish sailors time to discharge a great part of their cargo at the Balearie islands, and to take on board some companies of soldiers who had to return to Spain.

The Algerian brig cruised for some days before the Roads of Barcelona—but the vessel which he wished to meet hove not in sight—a circumstance which persuaded Omar that it had entered port before his arrival. He was abandoning the hope of measuring his strength with the Spaniards, when one of the watch descried a sail approaching in the direction of the Balearie islands. The pirates prepared for action, and made all sail to meet the Spanish brig. They soon recognized it as the one which had left Algiers during the night of escape, and on which Isabella had embarked.

Omar exulted with joy. Already he flattered his hard heart, that his victim was once more within his grasp; he saw her trembling at his feet and praying for life; already he seemed to quench the thirst of vengeance, which preyed upon his guilty soul. The signal is given, the cannons roar, the balls hiss, the vessels struck each other, and the corsairs, elated with their first success, raised the shout of victory. But the scene soon changed. The Spaniards, to allure their adversaries, pretended to oppose a feeble resistance, when the soldiers, whom the Algerians did not know to be on board, sprung upon deck—a terrible fire of musquetry ensues; the Corsairs discover too late that they had to deal with superior forces; their ranks were thinned, their commander stretched lifeless; Omar himself, who had taken part in the action, was wounded; disorder spread among them, and they were forced to lay down their arms, and lower their proud brows before the valiant Spaniards.

The Algerian vessel was boarded and declared lawful prize; the flag of the pirates was struck, all the crew were declared prisoners, and those who had not been wounded during the action were shut up in the hold. Meanwhile, Isabella, her mother, and several other ladies, kept close in their cabin, waiting for the issue of the action, and praying God to crown with victory the arms of their fellow-countrymen. Suddenly the firing ceased, and shouts of joy succeeded the tumult of battle. The merchant went down into the cabin and announced the gladdening news. He little thought that the pitiless wretch who had persecuted his daughter was among the wounded; for in the heat of the action no one had recognized Omar.

CHAPTER IX.—*A Christian's Revenge.*

SOME hours after, crowds of the citizens flocked to the quay of Barcelona, to witness the entry of a vessel which dragged after her a dismasted Algerian brig. Repeated acclamations greeted their approach. The passengers landed amid the congratulations of their friends, who had hastened to the quay as the report of their arrival spread—the prisoners too were disembarked,

The merchant, accompanied by his father, Teresa and Isabella, were going home, when his daughter uttered a scream of terror. As she was returning to express her gratitude to the captain who had delivered her, she recognized Omar, who had been carried to land.

"Father," she exclaimed, "there he is, he who has caused me so much misery!"

The merchant turned towards him. "Heavens!" said he, "how this? this wounded man is Omar?"

"Yes, yes it is he," said Isabella; "but how pale! how he seems to be suffering, perhaps he is wounded!"

The merchant went back, two sailors were supporting the unfortunate man. "Is it true that you are Omar?" said he.

Omar dared not answer; he expected to be overwhelmed with insults, because he had seen Isabella speak to the man who was questioning him. The merchant, who remarked his embarrassment, endeavored to console him, and went to find the captain, to whom he said—"Captain, among the wounded you have brought ashore is the persecutor of my daughter—the infamous Omar. I beg you will do me the favor of causing him to be taken to my house. If you require a ransom, I will willingly pay it. I wish to show this barbarian, how Christians are revenged on their enemies."

"Omar is yours," said the captain; "but I suppose you will treat him well. This revenge is allowable, and I approve of the course you intend to pursue—as to the ransom, that is a matter of no importance; we are not Arabs!"

Pleased with his answer, the merchant ordered a litter to be brought, and Omar carried to his house. There he was attended with the greatest care, and visited by the first physicians of the town. Isabella and her mother sometimes went to see him. Every word which she addressed to him, seemed a dagger to his proud and haughty heart. He was humbled exceedingly at the sight of their noble revenge, and could not conceive, how the Christians possessed the strength of mind to rise above themselves, and pardon with such cheerfulness the most unjust treatment.

The merchant one day took Omar into the garden to enjoy the fresh breeze of spring. Teresa and her daughter soon joined them. When Omar saw Isabella, a thousand torturing thoughts rushed upon his memory and he burst into tears.

"Excellent Isabella," said he, "will you ever be able to pardon the wrongs I have done you? Alas!" he added with a deep sigh, "I blush when I reflect on my conduct towards you. You foretold what has happened, and I shall never forget what you said to me with so much earnestness, 'that my hour was marked, and that vengeance would come upon me;' yes, I acknowledge that God has punished me, and nothing can be more terrible to me, than the

thought that I perhaps owe my life to her whom I wished to outrage. Who could have believed a few months since, that the powerful Omar would be one day forced to accept on a foreign land, hospitality in the house of one, whose daughter he had kept in captivity! Oh! the irresistible power of God!"

"Yes," answered the merchant, "God is great, and displays His omnipotence in a most striking manner, when he humbles him to the dust who presumes to despise the laws which He has written on the hearts of men. You see, my lord, that grandeur and riches are nothing, when not supported by virtue.—You have enjoyed all that man can wish for on earth; but you have not known how to moderate your desires. The Omnipotent has allowed you to wonder for a time at the mercy of your passions; He then struck you in His anger and sent adversity upon you. Never, my friend, forget this lesson, and if you ever return to your native land, be more humble and moderate, and remember that those whom you treat as slaves are your brothers. You will have learned from the action which threw you into our power, the miseries of slavery in their most hideous aspect; and, thanks to the mercies of the Catholic religion, you shall never be molested. You are free, and as soon as your health will permit shall return to Algiers.

Omar was speechless with joy and admiration. "And what ransom," asked he, "do you exact for my liberty?"

"None."

"Impossible! You send me back without ransom?"

"Yes, we do not traffic in a brother's flesh."

"Oh! this is too much generosity! Fix the sum, and I swear by the great prophet it shall be paid."

"I have already said you are free; you shall return without ransom."

With tears in his eyes, Omar kissed the merchant's hand and said:

"Your promise and the generosity you have shewn me, will hasten my cure more than all the medicines in the world. Upon your word I shall return to Africa, to publish what I have seen in Spain. Be assured that I shall exert all my influence, to induce my countrymen to respect in future the Spanish vessels. As for myself, I shall set free all my Christian slaves on my return, and promise most solemnly to purchase no more. But you will permit me to send a necklace to Isabella, for the day of her marriage."

A month after this interview, Omar returned to Africa, corrected and repentant, and ready to publish in his native land the generous treatment he had received in Spain.

The heroic conduct of Isabella in the midst of Arabs, was no sooner known at Barcelona, than it became the theme of universal praise; mothers proposed her as a model to their daughters, and she was called throughout the town, "The Heroine of Algiers."

She received on this occasion the congratulations of all acquainted with her family; all took delight in publishing her fortitude, her constancy, and inviolable attachment to virtue and the Catholic faith. As to herself, she ever remained the same—modest, pious, obedient to her parents, and virtuous in the enjoyment of happiness, as she had been in the day of adversity. A few months after, an African vessel moored in the port of Barcelona. She had on board more than a hundred unfortunate Christians, some of whom had groaned in slavery many long years, whom Omar in his gratitude had set free. She brought too, a

rich casket addressed to the merchant, with presents that would have done honor to a prince. Most of them were intended for Isabella, and it was to recall to her without ceasing the remembrance of her virtues, that Omar sent with these handsome gifts a most affecting letter.

From that moment he changed his conduct, and it was to the virtue of a young lady, that *he* was indebted for his happiness, and more than a hundred slaves for their liberty.

Don Gabriel Mendez asked and obtained the hand of Isabella, and the young "Heroine of Algiers" came to the feet of the Queen of Virgins, to unite her lot with that of her deliverer. She was arrayed in the rich necklace of diamonds which Omar had presented her. After the ceremony, she stripped herself of the ornament, and placed it at the feet of Mary, expressing her desire that it should be sold by the "Fathers of Mercy," in whose chapel she was married, and the price devoted to the redemption of poor captives.

The days of Isabella passed without a cloud, and for many years more her grandfather had the joy of seeing her a happy wife, a happy mother, fulfilling all the duties which this double title imposes. He was proud of his grandchild, and to the hour of his calm passage hence, he had no voice but to bless God, and recount her virtues and constancy, whom he was proud to call the glory of Barcelona, "The Heroine of Algiers."

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#### EVENING HOURS.

The human heart has hidden treasures  
 In secret kept, in silence sealed;  
 The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,  
 Whose charms were broken if revealed.  
 And days may pass in dull confusion,  
 And nights in noisy routs may fly,  
 While, lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,  
 The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,  
 Such as in evening silence come,  
 When soft as birds their pinions closing,  
 The heart's best feelings gather home.  
 Then, in our souls there seems to languish  
 A tender grief that is not woe;  
 And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,  
 Now cause some milder tears to flow.

And feelings once as strong as passions,  
 Float softly back—a faded dream;  
 Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
 The taste of other's sufferings seem;  
 O! when the heart is freshly bleeding,  
 How it longs for that time to be,  
 When, through the mist of years receding,  
 Its woe but live in reverie.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

## CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

(From the French of Viscount Walsh.)

### No. VIII.—*The Assumption.* (August 15th.)

WHEN recalling the festivals of the martyrs, we had to speak of blood, dungeons, tortures, jailers and executioners; but now we must seek for soft and harmonious words and attempt to portray graceful images, for the *Lily* is about to be removed from *amidst the thorns*—the *mystical Rose*, quitting the earth for ever, is about to bloom for all eternity in heaven. Behold! The angels and the archangels are descending to meet their Queen, the patriarchs are awaiting her arrival among the golden clouds; it is a daughter of kings, a daughter of David, that ascends to her heavenly home.

To her who was so humble, what a glory is reserved! God the Father awaits her as his daughter; God the Son, as his mother; God the Holy Ghost, as his spouse.

The saints in heaven rejoice. The saints on earth weep. The mother of the conqueror of death has died; the sweet light that had shed such holy influences upon them is extinguished forever.

Since the death of Christ, Mary, notwithstanding her love of retirement, had been surrounded by the respect and homage of the apostles and disciples; and those who suffered, and those who died confessing the divinity of Jesus, felt and acknowledged the deepest veneration for his mother. It could not be otherwise; and to the Virgin, who had had her soul pierced with the sword of grief, it was an exceedingly great consolation to see the salvation of the world the consequence of the death of her divine Son. That death so cruel, so bloody, those agonies on the cross, now no longer presented themselves to her mind to torture her—oh, no, the Garden of Olives compensated for Calvary, and if on the mountain of punishment some bloody marks could still be seen, on the top of Mount Olivet were deeply engraved the indelible proofs of the ASCENSION.

The Son of Mary, having returned to the glory of his celestial kingdom, could not leave his mother long in this vale of tears. Triumphant kings hasten to recall their friends from exile; so it is thought that the death of the Virgin took place not long after that of her Son.

Some believe that it was at Ephesus Mary died; but nothing is certain on this point, and indeed the Holy Evangelists give no particulars regarding either her birth, life, or death. It might be said that God surrounded with clouds this flower of humility, as he covers with a vapory mist the plant which cannot bear the sun. All we learn from the gospel is, that, when terror dispersed the disciples and the apostles, when Christ felt the desertion of his friends as an additional pang to his many torments, his mother did not fly, but, on the contrary, displayed more courage and energy than all those men who a few days before the proof had been so prodigal of protestations of love and devotion. They took flight and concealed themselves; she followed her Son, step by step, along the dolorous way, and remained at the foot of the cross until all was consummated.

I said the Evangelists gave no particulars regarding the life of Mary; I was

wrong: the Gospel shows us the *Virgin* humble and pious, and the *Mother* bold and unblenching. There can be no higher praise.

One disciple, recovering from his terror, also came to see his master die. John had slept on Jesus' bosom; the least he could do was to follow his cross. But he was not the first; maternal love had outstripped friendship and gratitude.

Let us remark here that the Gospel, which shows us the Blessed Virgin standing on bleeding Calvary, makes no mention of her appearance in the streets of Jerusalem on the day they were the scene of her Son's triumphal entry. No, she had too much humility to care about shining in glory; but she also had too much courage not to go and weep and suffer beneath the outstretched arms of her Son nailed to the cross.

It was there that the mother and the friend heard the last words of the Divine Criminal:

To the mother: "**WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON.**"

To the disciple: "**BEHOLD THY MOTHER.**"

In these few words falling from the top of the cross, we should see that the apostle John, in the eyes of Christ, is the representative of all Christians of all ages, past, present, and to come; that it is to them that Mary is recommended as a mother by her divine Son.

Since the time these words were spoken on Calvary, how often has the Church conducted us before the images of the Virgin and repeated:

"Christians! behold your mother!"

The world has believed in these words; see how quickly it is covered with temples in her honor! Everywhere are there altars, because everywhere is there misfortune, and it is natural that suffering children should cry out to their mother.

During her life, we are persuaded, she must often have been called upon by the unfortunate: those who knew the power of Jesus, knew also the compassion of Mary, and had recourse to it.

We see that after the ascension of Christ, the Blessed Virgin is present at the assemblies and the prayers of the apostles, and tradition points her out to us seated among them when the Consoler descended from heaven; certainly, she needed consolation: on the dolorous way, on Golgotha, who had suffered as much as she? And was it not she who from the foot of the cross could exclaim: *O you who pass by this road, say if there is any grief like unto my grief!*

It is supposed that after the dispersion of the apostles, Mary followed Saint John to Ephesus, and that Mary Magdalen accompanied them to this city with many of the disciples. We easily share in this opinion. Those who had known Christ, who had listened to his instructions, when they no longer saw him upon earth, must have deeply felt the necessity of assembling together to speak of him once more, to relate his goodness, to rehearse his miracles, and to pray together in his name.

When one of our friends has left us forever, we also assemble to speak about him, and a sad thought continually intrudes: the absent one, where is he?

But no such sad thought occurred to the early Christians assembled together in memory of the Saviour: no doubt, no fear, no idea of death: He of whom they conversed, had burst open the tomb and was now seated on a throne of glory; to adore him, not to weep for him, they had assembled.

At these sacred meetings what joy must have filled the breast of the mother

of the Glorified One! and how she must have longed for the moment when her divine Son would send his angels to deliver her from her exile!

Klopstock, in his grand poem of the *Messias*, tells us how the angel of death, borne on his immense wings, floated in great circles around the cross, not daring, notwithstanding the order of the Eternal, to approach Christ to despoil him of the breath of life. This angel, usually so bold, never checked by any power, never restrained by any greatness, is afraid of touching the Agonized One of Calvary! Well, it seems to me likewise that death must have hesitated to receive the last sigh of Mary; Mary, the spotless, the immaculate, was not his vassal. *We* die because we bear on our brows the brand of the sin of Adam.

But the tomb had lost its horrors as soon as the Author of life had entered it, and the virgin mother contemplated it without fear. With perfect resignation she submitted to the law common to all the daughters of Eve and passed through the grave to the joys of eternal glory.

I have said that it is generally thought that the Blessed Virgin died at Epheesus, but I must add that some think she died at Jerusalem before the dispersion of the apostles.

"We have nothing certain," says Alban Butler, "regarding either the place, the date or the circumstances of her death. The resurrection of the Virgin and her assumption are not articles of faith.

"The Church does not *order* us to believe in the corporal assumption of Mary to heaven; but she lets us easily see the opinion to which she inclines; in a hymn of the feast of the assumption, she thus expresses herself:

"O Blessed Virgin! when the celestial rewards prepared for thee summoned thee away, love broke the chains which retained thy soul captive in the prison of thy mortal frame; and death conquered by the fruit of thy womb, possessed no power over thee, *for he dared not retain in his fetters her who had given birth to the Author of life.*"

Let us respect the veil which it has pleased God to throw over the life and death of Mary, and let us be assured that she who gave birth to the Saviour of men was surrounded by the homage of the angels and the splendors of God. He who is just to all creatures was not unjust towards his mother; and what was the perfection of earth was raised to the highest heaven of heavens.

According to tradition, many of the apostles surrounded the bed of the dying Virgin. The day after her interment, some of their brethren arrived, and, wishing to honor her remains, they had the stone of the sepulchre removed. But, oh prodigy! the coffin was empty; and lilies, symbols of purity, were growing in the place which had been touched by that chaste body, that immaculate body, that body too sacred to be left in the tomb, and which the angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim had borne away on their wings, as soon as the voice of God had awakened it from its short sleep.

This tradition has inspired many painters; our great church pictures often show us the sky swarming with celestial spirits, bearing crowns and palms to the daughter of David, who is about to be crowned Queen of Heaven. The tombstone is pushed aside, and among the folds of the shroud we perceive the miraculous flowers shooting up from the bottom of the grave.

With arms extended, with eyes raised towards her divine Son, who awaits her, the Virgin, in ecstasy, ascends with majestic motion, whilst the choirs of



angels make the realms of space ring again with their canticles of joy and triumph.

"Come, come, Queen of Heaven! come, your throne is clothed in splendor and glory!

"Come! God the Father who has created the world, God the Son who has redeemed it, God the Holy Ghost who has vivified it, are waiting to crown you! Come, Queen of the patriarchs and prophets; come, Queen of the virgins and martyrs!

"You are also our queen, O Mary, full of grace! The chivalry of heaven, the thrones and the dominations, the virtues and the powers, the cherubim and the seraphim, the angels and the archangels, bow down before you and proclaim you their sovereign queen!

"We have seen the throne that is prepared for you; the sun and all the constellations together possess not its magnificent splendor; your sceptre is an immortal lily, and your crown is formed of radiant stars; come, O Mary, all the just that your Son has delivered and who have ascended to heaven in his company, are coming forth to meet you!" . . . . .

The festival of the Assumption has received different names at different times and from different nations: it has been called Deposition, Repose, Sleep, Dormition.

"*Deposition* of the sacred remains of the Blessed Virgin in the coffin, and *dormition* to signify that the death of the Mother of God was only a short sleep, a few moments of repose.

"The exact date of the institution of this solemnity cannot be told; no very decided trace of it can be found before the council of Ephesus. But the persuasion which they entertained there of possessing her tomb in that city seems to insinuate that the festival already celebrated there was that of the commemoration of the death of the Blessed Virgin and of her assumption into heaven; it is even believed that the great church at Ephesus had been erected in her honor.

"The council, having confirmed the glorious quality of Mother of God to Mary, against the heresy of the Nestorians, gave much authority and extent to the honor already paid to her by the faithful. They began to build temples in her name at Constantinople and other cities of the empire, and in the following century, which was the sixth of the Church, the festival of the Assumption began to be distinguished from the other festivals instituted in her honor.\*

To show their regard for a life so full of humility, so filled with virtues, the Christians were not satisfied with a single festival in honor of Mary. In their zeal for her glory, they took different epochs of her life; the *annunciation*, her *nativity*, the *presentation in the temple*, her *conception*, her *visit to St. Elizabeth*, her *dolors during her Son's passion*, her *assumption into heaven*, and made of them so many days consecrated to her glory.

They did not think that even all those festivals spread through the year were sufficient, and they wished that the memory of the Angelical Salutation should descend on town and country three times a day. When the morning breaks, when the sun is highest, and when the shades of evening begin to fall upon the

\* Fêtes Chrétiennes.



earth, the Angelus bell sounds and brings to our minds *Mary full of grace*, and the miraculous conception.

Traverse entire Europe, stand before the old monuments, question them, ask what it is that has made them start from the earth with all their wonders; and from stone, and tradition, and the annals of the people, one voice will rise to reply:

**HONOR TO MARY, THE MOTHER OF THE REDEEMER!**

Yes, it is this affecting worship which has decked the Catholic world with so many magnificent churches, so many rich abbeys, so many bounteous hospitals, so many poetic recollections.

Without leaving France, formerly so christian, see how many cathedrals, chapels, and monasteries are under the invocation of Our Lady, and what sweet names they have given the divine Virgin. Here is *Our Lady of good succor*; there, *Our Lady of compassion*; yonder, *Our Lady of every joy*; elsewhere, *Our Lady of every aid*; near the hospitals, *Our Lady of the seven dolours*; where a battle was fought, *Our Lady of the victories*; in a valley, *Our Lady of peace*; on a mountain, *Our Lady of grace*; near the sea, *Our Lady of a good port*; and then, *Our Lady of deliverance*, *Our Lady of the snows*, *Our Lady of the rocks*, *Our Lady of the lilies*, *Our Lady of the guard*, *Our Lady of the angels*. We need not continue the inexhaustible list.

The sons of the Franks and Gauls, these stern men of battles and conquests, placed their burning valor under the protection of a woman. Covered with the dust and the blood of combats, old France knelt down before the statues of Mary, and often set her image on their banners. And, in truth, it was a noble spectacle to see force and daring thus honoring a mother and her child, thus opposing all that was gentle in heaven to all that was terrible on earth.

How many vows have been made to the Virgin by the great and powerful! Louis IX, Philip Augustus, and Louis XIV, always took off their helmet and crown when passing before the image of the *Queen of Angels*, the *Handmaid of the Lord*.

Louis surnamed the Just, put his whole kingdom under her protection; and in our own days, a son of the revolutions, a soldier clad in the imperial mantle, the Charlemagne of modern times, Napoleon, wished that the Virgin Mary should be glorified on the day that he was born in Corsica.

Had he been born in Paris, Napoleon might not, perhaps, have entertained this idea; but, in fulfilling the vow of Louis XIII, he had a recollection of his birth-place, where festivals in honor of Mary had struck his young years with their splendor and devotion.

Napoleon, of course, was conscious of his glory; but, like a man of genius, he had thought that by adding to his aureola some rays from on high, it would shine more brilliantly in future time. Accordingly, in his reign, neither crosses nor churches were torn down—and we, ourselves, have seen him in the deep roads of La Vendée, take off his hat before a road-side cross.

Those who are not willing that the festival of Mary, the ancient patroness of France, should be as solemnly celebrated now as in the olden time, may have their reasons; but the greatest man of the present time did not share their opinion.

Let us hope that better inspirations will come; time, on its march, must show that many a danger is strewed on the road where the cross is not planted.

The Virgin of the hamlets has often protected palaces, and we have seen kings and queens receive as much consolation when praying before the *consoler of the afflicted*, as the poor peasants did when imploring the aid of the *Good Virgin* in the humble village chapel. . . . .

Devotion to Mary is connected with the history of the world; we see every nation in its turn, or all together, implore her protection. Probably of all the decisive battles ever fought, none was better contested than that of Lepanto, and none would have so completely changed the face of the world had it eventuated differently. Catholics have always believed that it was by the intervention of the Blessed Virgin that a comparatively small number of Christians were enabled to gain a most wonderful victory over the Turks, whereby they not only saved European civilization at the time, but actually gave a blow to Islamism which rendered that inveterate enemy of Christianity powerless for ever.

But this is not the place to show how that same Virgin whose humble image is to be seen over the cottage-door and whose assistance poor women invoke in behalf of their dwellings and their families, how that same *Mary* is also invoked by pontiffs, emperors, kings, generals and soldiers, and how she who guards the laborer's cabin, helps to gain great battles and to save great empires.

Such a powerful protectress must see the number of her suppliants increase in times of perils and trials; accordingly new pious exercises in her honor have been established for some time.

The MONTH OF MARY is of recent origin: this devotion is full of religious attraction; the whole month of May, the month of flowers, is consecrated to the Queen of angels and virgins.

During the course of this month, the most fragrant and delightful in the year, the altars of Mary are adorned with tapers and bouquets without number. There, in sanctuaries hung with white drapery and decorated with flowers and blooming shrubs, young girls come to sing and pray together; every morning high mass is celebrated in white robes, and every evening all the tapers are lighted for the benediction.

With these prayers and hymns are mingled instructions to teach confidence in the Blessed Virgin. The priests relate anecdotes of her power and goodness, to which the young and chaste audience listen with great recollection and lively interest, bowing their veiled heads reverently whenever the holy name of JESUS is pronounced by the missionary: like a bed of snow-white lilies bending before the breath of spring, or beneath the foot of an invisible angel.

## MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

### MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

**HOW SLOW THE NIGHT ROLLS AWAY.**—These words fell upon our ears from the lips of a poor sufferer in lonely hours of midnight. They are still fresh in our memory. We recollect as we listened to his short breathings, and saw him writhing under the anguish of disease, how our minds ran out upon the world and visited the lonely cabins, gloomy prisons, and dark cells of the sick and dying. We thought how many voices in the loneliness of that hour were exclaiming with sorrowful hearts, "How slow the night rolls away!" Yes, with intense anxiety they watched the windows if possible to catch the first faint streakings of morning light. One who has watched by the bed-side of suffering humanity through the long still night, when the great heart of the world is hushed to repose, and the solitude of death cast its gloom upon the bosom of nature, can tell the solemn import of the words uttered by this afflicted being as he grappled with the strong arm of disease, and endeavored to ward off the keen pointed shaft. The mother who watches with sleepless eye over the couch of her dying infant child, exclaims in sorrow, "how slow the night rolls away." The storm-tossed mariner who is nearing the port of his native home, and already in imagination hears the voices of loved ones lisping his name, exclaims, "How slow the night rolls away!" The traveler who has for many a long and tedious day urged on his steps towards home, as he lies down to rest a few days' journey from his little cottage in the solitude of midnight, and thinking of his dear wife and prattling children, exclaims, "How slow the night rolls away!" The christian who has baffled with the storm of this life for many a long year until his locks have become white in his Master's service, in looking out upon the future of happiness that awaits him, and who desires to depart in peace to dwell with his God, exclaims with enthusiasm, "How slow the night rolls away!"

**THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.**—1. Abstain from all spirits and dram-drinking. Spirits relax the muscles, diminish the strength of the body, and render men susceptible of disease.

2. When mild-brewed beer agrees, keep to it as a beverage (at your meals only).

3. Where (well filtered) water does not disagree, value the privilege and continue it. Pure water is a far better beverage for the sedentary and those who take but little exercise, and for those whose labor or exhausted condition does not require stimulants.

4. The quantity (of most things) is always more hurtful than the quality.

5. Take your meals at regular hours always. The human frame is capable of being changed from sickness to perfect health by a well-regulated system of diet.

6. Avoid everything—however agreeable to the palate—that from experience you find to disagree with you.

7. Make daily ablution the first thing on rising; you will feel stronger and more refreshed for it during the day. I fancy I hear you say that you have not the time to do so. My answer to you is, rise ten minutes earlier, dip a course towel in cold water, wring it out, and rub the whole body over. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness!"

8. Never quack or tamper with your constitution by taking patent medicines; they are offered for every kind of disease, for many of which they are decidedly

prejudicial, producing very often fatal results. If slightly indisposed (and if it is possible to do so), remain quiet, avoiding all excitement, and abstaining from all meats and fermented liquors during the day. In headache and slight fever, this plan mostly effects a cure. Never use strong purgatives. If costive, take a mild dose of castor-oil; if too relaxed, a dose of Gregory's powder, (kept at all chemists); and, five or six hours after taking the powder, take the following mixture:—Prepared chalk, 1 dracm; spirit of salvolatile, 10 or 12 drops; cinnamon water, two ounces; mix.

9. Take exercise, if you value your health, but proportion it to your strength. The mind taints by too long sitting:—

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend;  
God never made His work for man to mend.

10. Never learn to smoke; shun tobacco in all its forms. It stunts the growth when taken at too early an age; it is a great promoter of indolence and laziness; it causes nervous trembling of the hands and nervous debility; it has nothing nourishing or stimulating in it, but is merely a narcotic, of which the moral and physical effects upon those who use it are of a very dubious character.

11. If you have exceeded the bounds of temperance, or in plain English been tipsy, then take the following mixture: Liquor ammon. acet., half an ounce; tinct. rhæi. two drs.; mix the above with a glass of ginger-beer—and remain sober afterwards.

**TEARS.**—How many associations of joy and sorrow are conjured up by that one word, but we are not going to be sentimental, so we shall stick to the science of them. They are a peculiar limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal or crying glands, and are intended to preserve the transparency of the corner of the eye by keeping it moist, and removing foreign substances. In man the passions excite their flow, but it is questionable if they are so caused in the lower animals. Their specific gravity is somewhat greater than that of water, and they contain common salt and free soda; they change vegetable blues to green. In one hundred parts there are only four of solid matter, one of which is salt, the rest being mucus, which separates in flakes when alcohol is poured on them.

**ROSEMARY.**—This name is given to a small shrub which inhabits the rocky hills, in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean, and is common to many gardens in Europe and America. It has very narrow green leaves, turned back at the edge, and heave underneath. The flowers are of a dull leaden blue, or even white. It has been employed in medicine as a cure for headache, in the form of an infusion, and is an ingredient in many pomatums. It is also said to be a component of eau de cologne—the most famous of all artificial scents. The gray bushes mantled with dew-drops, on the coasts of Italy and France, are said to justify the singular name that is given to the plant. In the olden time, in England, it was customary to give each mourner at a funeral a piece of rosemary, which they immersed in the hot ale drunk on those occasions.

**MAN** may err, and be forgiven; but poor woman, with all his temptation, and but half his strength, is placed beyond the hope of earthly salvation, if she but once be tempted into crime.

**WE** have often seen a cow part with her milk in the most patient manner, and then turn round and upset the pail. It reminds us always of a generous action gracelessly done.

**A** **SURLY** reception from a debtor raises a pleasing hope of payment.

## GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

**DEATH OF ST. LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE.**—Rendered bold by the inactivity of the Christian army, the Mussulmans at length presented themselves several times in the plains. Nothing would have been more easy than to attack and conquer them, but Louis had resolved to await the arrival of his brother, Charles of Anjou, before he began the war: a fatal resolution, that ruined everything. The Sicilian monarch, who had principally promoted this ill-starred expedition, was doomed to complete, by his delay, the evil he had commenced by his counsels.

So much time being afforded them, the Mussulmans flocked from all parts of Africa to defend the cause of Islamism. Thus the army of the Moors became formidable; but it was not this crowd of Saracens that the Crusaders had most to fear. Other dangers, other misfortunes threatened them: the army wanted water; they had none but salt provisions; the soldiers could not support the climate of Africa; winds prevailed, which, coming from the torrid zone, appeared to be accompanied by a devouring flame. The Saracens on the neighboring mountains stirred up the sand with certain instruments, and the hot dust fell in clouds upon the plain where the Christians were encamped. At length dysentery, the malady of hot climates, attacked them, and the plague, which seemed to spring up of itself from the burning soil, spread its contagion among them.

The men were under arms night and day, not to defend themselves against an enemy who always ran away, but to avoid surprises. Most of the Crusaders sunk under the awful combination of fatigue, famine, and sickness. Some of the most renowned warriors of France fell a prey to the one or the other. They could not bury the dead; the ditches of the camp were filled with carcasses, thrown in *pêle-mêle*, which added to the corruption of the air and the spectacle of the general desolation.

Information was brought that the king of Sicily was about to embark with his army. This gave great joy, but did not mitigate the evils. The heats became insupportable; want of water, bad food, the diseases, and chagrin at being shut up in a camp without being allowed to fight, completed the discouragement of both soldiers and leaders. Louis endeavored to animate them by his words and his example, but he himself was seized with the dysentery. His sons, Prince Philip, the duke de Nevers, and the king of Navarre, with the legate, all experienced the effects of the contagion. The duke de Nevers, who was much beloved by the king, was so dangerously ill that he was transported on ship-board. Louis was constantly asking news of his son, but his attendants preserved a mournful silence. At length it was announced to the king that his son was dead, and, notwithstanding his piety and resignation, he was deeply affected. A short time after the Pope's legate died, much regretted by the clergy and the soldiers of the cross, who looked upon him as their spiritual father.

In spite of his sufferings, in spite of his griefs, Louis was constantly engaged in the care of his army. He issued his orders as long as he had strength, dividing his time between the duties of a Christian and those of a monarch. At length the fever increased; no longer able to attend to the wants of the army, or even to exercises of piety, he had a crucifix placed before him, and in silence implored the aid of Him who had suffered for mankind.

The whole army was in mourning; the commonest soldiers moved about in tears; the prayers of all were offered up for the preservation of so good a king. After giving most pious and salutary advice to his son Philip, both as a man and a king, and after taking an affectionate leave of his family, this good, religious, and exemplary man, but most mistaken monarch, expired at three o'clock in the evening of the 25th of August, 1270.

On the very day of the death of Louis IX, his brother, the duke of Anjou, landed

with his army near Carthage. The trumpets and instruments of war resounded on the beach, but a solemn silence prevailed in the camp, and no one went to meet the Sicilians, whom they had looked for with so much impatience. Sad presentiments took possession of Charles; he preceded his army, flew to the tent of his brother, and found his body stretched upon its bed of ashes. Charles prostrated himself at his feet, which he bathed with his tears, calling upon him sometimes as his brother, sometimes as his lord. He remained in this attitude a long while without heeding any of the persons who surrounded him, constantly addressing Louis as if he were living, and reproaching himself in accents of despair for not having heard, for not having imbibed the last words of the most affectionate of brothers, of the best of kings.

**CAPITULATION OF PARIS.**—When the inordinate ambition of Bonaparte, and, still more, his misfortunes in Russia, had barded all Europe against him, Paris may be said to have again experienced a short siege.

When Napoleon opened the campaign on the 25th of January, he confided the command of the capital to his brother Joseph. His enemies were numerous and powerful. The English advanced on the south; a hundred and fifty thousand men, under Schwartzberg, poured into France by way of Switzerland; a large army of Prussians, commanded by Blücher, arrived from Frankfort; and a hundred thousand Swedes and Germans penetrated into Belgium, under Bernadotte. Here was work cut out for even the genius of a Hannibal; and Bonaparte seemed to be duly roused by the perils which surrounded him. He redoubled his activity and energy, and never had his strategic calculations been more skilful. He was near destroying the two most formidable armies of his enemies by isolating them, and attacking them by turns. But Bonaparte's successes became fatal to him by inspiring him with too much confidence: he would not listen to the proposals of the allies for France to return within her ancient limits, and revoked the powers he had given to the duke of Vicenza to conclude a peace at Châtillon. Wherever he did not command in person, the allies triumphed: the English entered Bordeaux, which declared for the Bourbons; the Austrians occupied Lyons; and the united armies marched towards Paris. Napoleon then subscribed to the demands of the Congress; but it was too late: the conferences were broken up. Joseph received orders to defend Paris to the last extremity; the emperor depended upon him, and conceived the almost wildly brave project of cutting off the retreat of the allies by marching rapidly behind them to St. Dizier. By this march he lost precious time; but by it, if he had been seconded, Napoleon might have saved his crown. The two grand armies of the allies had effected their junction, and drew near to the capital. To secure the success of the emperor's manœuvres, it ought to have been defended till his arrival; but timid counsellors surrounded the regent, Maria Louisa, and persuaded her to retire to the Loire. In vain Talleyrand and Montalivet expressed a courageous opinion, and represented to the empress that the safety of France was in Paris: fear alone was listened to; Maria Louisa quitted the capital, and transported the regency to Blois. In the meantime Napoleon approached Paris by forced marches; but it was no longer time: Marshals Marmont and Mortier, on the 30th of March, fought a desperate battle under the walls of the city, with forces very inferior to the allies. Ignorant of the emperor's proximity, Joseph gave orders for a capitulation; he abandoned his post, and set out for Orléans. On the 31st of March the allies entered Paris. Napoleon was hastening to the defence of his capital, when, on the 1st of April, he received this terrible news; he immediately fell back upon Fontainebleau, where his army took up a position. There he learned that the senate, till that time guilty of so much servility and adulation towards him, had proclaimed him a tyrant, and that, guided by Talleyrand, it had declared Napoleon deposed from the throne, the hereditary right of his family abolished, and the French people and the army liberated from their oath of fidelity to him.

## HALF HOURS OF RELAXATION.

**FREAKS OF IMAGINATION.**—Tulpius mentions a painter, who verily believed that all the bones of his body were so soft and flexible that they might easily be crushed together, or folded one within another, like pieces of pliable wax.

A Lusitanian physician had a patient who insisted that he was perpetually frozen, and would sit before a great fire even in dog days. The Portuguese doctor made him a dress of rough sheepskins, saturated with aqua vitæ, and set him on fire. He then said he was quite warm, rather too much so, and so was cured.

Galen and Avicen make mention of people who have fancied themselves earthen pots, and therefore have carefully avoided being touched for fear they should be broken.

Then there is the case of the insane watchmaker, mentioned by Pinel, who insisted that he had been guillotined, and that another head had afterwards, by mistake, been put on his shoulders, instead of his own. "Look at these teeth," he would say; "mine were extremely handsome—these are decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul. How different is the hair from that of my own head!"

Mr. Haslam, in his work on insanity, mentions the case of one who insisted that he had no mouth, and when compelled by force to swallow, declared that a wound had been made in his throat, through which the food had been introduced.

Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Florentine artist, in his *Life* says, that "the governor of the castle in which the former was confined had a periodical disorder of this sort; every year he had some different whim. One time he conceived himself changed into a pitcher of oil; another time he thought himself a frog, and began to leap as such; another time, again, he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humor his conceit by making a show of burying him. At length he thought himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk he sometimes made just such a noise as bats, do; he likewise used gestures with his hands and body, as if he were going to fly."

Noses have been known to be particularly troublesome to hypochondriacs. One man fancied that his nose was a ludicrous length and consequently kept backing off as his friends approached to hold a parley with him, fearing that he should put their eyes out. It is said that this same deluded possessor of a long nose might have been seen going along the street, guiding his nose with his hand, to keep it from breaking the shop windows.

**A NOVEL MARRIAGE.**—A man and woman one night, in a violent storm, knocked sturdily at Dean Swift's door, and at length roused him from his slumbers. He rose, and throwing up the window, asked what they could want. They answered they wanted to be married immediately, and had called. "No, but," says the Dean, "can't you wait 'till morning? it is now one o'clock." They started some urgent reason for proceeding without delay. The Dean found it in vain to parley. "Well," said the Dean, still keeping his head out of the window, and talking with the bride and bridegroom in the street, "if it must be so, I'll marry you now: Attend!

"Under this window, in stormy weather,  
I join this man and woman together;  
Let none but we, who made the thunder,  
E'er put this woman and man asunder."

**HOW ALE STRENGTHENED HIM.**—A student of one of our State Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said—"Sir—I am informed



that you have a barrel of ale in your room." "Yes, sir." "Well, what explanation have you to make?" "Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room." "Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?" "Ay, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it; now I can carry it with the greatest ease." We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand; at least he ought to have been.

**THE CONJURER AND THE EGGS.**—Bosco, the conjurer, when in Bristol, passed through the High street market, and seeing a woman with a basket of eggs, inquired how she sold them; and on being told 1½d. each, he said he would take one to see if it was good, and paid for it. He then broke it before the woman, and out dropped a sovereign, as she supposed. Being thus fortunate, he bought another, and broke it when another sovereign fell out. The egg dealer looked amazed. He then said, "I will take all the eggs;" but the woman shrewdly said, 'No, no,' and away she went to Nicholas steps, where she sat down and began to break egg after egg, but no sovereign fell out. She then became alarmed for the loss of her eggs, and even shed tears. The next day the conjurer met the dame without eggs, and finding how much she had grieved for the loss of her capital in trade, he gave her half-a crown to console her.

**PENNIES.**—In a little song, written over four hundred years ago, and preserved in a manuscript of the time of Henry VI. of England, we find the following verses, which show that the social philosophy of the world has not suffered any very great change in the lapse of those centuries. The poet is speaking of the penny:

Peny is a hardy knight—  
Peny is of mickle might—  
Peny of wrong he maketh right  
In every country where he go.

And if I have penys both good and fine,  
Men will bydden me to the wine—  
But when I have none in my purse,  
Peny bet ne peny worse—  
Of me they holden little force:  
He was a man: let him go.

**TRUTH AND IDLENESS.**—"There! leave the entrenchment and go tell the captain you are the idlest rascal in the regiment." "Praise yer honour, replied the soldier (an Irishman) thus addressed, "ye would not have me go with a lie in my mouth."

"YOU CHARGE a dollar for killing a calf, you smutty rascal," said a planter to an old negro. "No, no, Massa," replied the gentleman from Africa, "charge fifty cents for killing, and fifty for the know how."

**A VOTER**, deficient in personal beauty, said to Sheridan: "I mean to withdraw my countenance from you." "Many thanks for the favor," replied the candidate, "for it is the ugliest mug I ever saw in my life."

**THE woman** who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year, and hung them to dry on a bee line.

**IT is to affectation** the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature, in her whole drama, never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.



## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. *RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES: AND ROME IN THEIR TIMES.* By His Eminence *Cardinal Wiseman*. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The learned author of this work gives a pleasing and graphic description of the principal events which distinguished the reigns of the four Popes immediately preceding the present illustrious Pontiff, Pius IX. As he tells us in the preface, the book is not a history, nor a series of biographies, nor a journal, nor what might be called memories; but it is like that portion of a grand picture which passes before the eye and remains fixed on the memory. The Cardinal's long residence in Rome rendered him acquainted not only with the pontiffs who governed the Church during that period, but also familiar with the most minute transactions of their pontificates and the most prominent personages of their reigns. This knowledge he made use of for the entertainment and instruction of his readers. He has rescued from oblivion many of those beautiful traits of private character which distinguished the personages of whom he speaks; many instances of charity and hidden virtue, which must forever have passed unknown to the world, had it not been for the work before us.

We had intended to make some extracts, for the entertainment of our readers, but this we forego, as we feel assured that no extract can give an idea of the pleasure to be derived from the work itself. Let every one, then, that would have one of the most entertaining of books, purchase and read the "Recollections of the Last Four Popes."

2. *A TREATISE ON THE LOVE OF GOD.* By *St. Francis of Sales*. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The name of the illustrious author of this excellent work is alone sufficient to give it currency wherever Catholicity is professed. The saint, having written his "Introduction to a Devout Life," which was chiefly designed for persons living amidst the distracting scenes of life, projected the present work for those who had retired from the world, or whose circumstances gave them time to contemplate more attentively the things of heaven.

But though intended specially for those in ascetic life, its lessons may be studied with advantage by every class in society—all may derive instruction from its pages; all may read it with profit.

3. *HISTORY OF THE PONTIFICATE AND CAPTIVITY OF PIUS VI*, together with a glance at the Catholic Church. Translated from the French by Miss *H—th*, a graduate of St. Joseph's Academy, near Emmitsburg. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The little volume before us is full of deep interest. It gives us a plain and concise history of the eventful pontificate of the sainted, the illustrious confessor, Pius VI. We behold him by his firmness and resolution, during a series of years baffling the schemes of the perfidious and artful persecutor of the Church, Joseph, Emperor of Austria; we see him with heroic constancy braving all the terrors of the French revolution; and when borne off by the storm, which he could no longer resist, we contemplate him in exile, calmly and resolutely sinking to the grave, a martyr in defence of religion and the rights of humanity.

The translation is creditable to the authoress, and we hope that it will not be the last from her pen. She has set an example worthy of imitation by many of the *graduates* of our numerous female institutions. Let them, like her, employ their talents and their leisure moments for the benefit of those whose lot in life has confined their knowledge of languages to the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

4. A NEW LATIN AND ENGLISH SCHOOL LEXICON: on the basis of the Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. C. F. Ingerslev. By G. K. Crooks, D. D., late Professor of Ancient Languages in Dickinson College, and A. J. Schem, A. M., Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in the same institution. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

We have examined with much care this new lexicon, and rise from our labor decidedly impressed in favor of the work. In its preparation the authors seem to have kept in view the wants of students, rather than those of the teachers and philologists, and have prepared a book for daily use in the school room, rather than a work of reference for the library. It is based upon the plan of Professor Ingerslev's work, which was, and we believe is at present, the most popular Latin lexicon in Germany. The definitions are considerably abridged, compared with some other works, but at the same time sufficiently comprehensive to give a full and clear meaning of the Latin, and illustrating the meaning, in its various shades, by reference to the best classical writers.

The introduction of proper names, with a short sketch of the characters, with the names which occur in ancient mythology, history and geography, is an improvement which we are glad to see in the work. The student expects to find, in a school-lexicon, the necessary aids for translating; and it will doubtlessly save him much time if he is not compelled to seek in other works, such as dictionaries of biography, mythology and geography, the information which is indispensable to him.

The work, in our judgment, is superior to most of the Latin lexicons now in use, and we cheerfully commend it to those engaged in the study of the Latin tongue.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The Catholic literature of France has received many additions, which it is well to note, as many of them may hereafter become familiar, and some even find their way in an English dress to our own firesides. A work on the *Divine Institution of Confession*, by the Abbé Jarlet, is warmly recommended by the Bishop of Poitiers and lauded by the press.

M. Laforêt has given to the world a vindication of Catholic doctrine such as every few years require to meet new forms of error. It is entitled *Les dogmes Catholiques, exposés, prouvés et vengés des attaques de l'hérésie et de l'incrédulité*: and goes into detail, forming four octavo volumes.

*Le socialisme depuis l'antiquité jusqu'à la constitution française du 14 Janvier 1852*, by Thonissen, of the Catholic University of Louvain, is also directed against the present bane of France and the neighboring countries.

In dogmatic theology proper, we have complete Perrone's work, *De Matrimonio Christiano*, and a French translation of his theology. In Patrology, Migne's edition of the works of St. Epiphanius, and a translation by the well known M. Poujoulat of the *Epistles of Saint Augustine*.

The branch of ascetic literature is increased by several works, such as Marcellinus' *Voice of God teaching men according to the theology of Holy Writ*; a new and unimproved edition of St. Jure's great work on the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ, one of the most solid works of French asceticism. Planter's *Règles de la vie sacerdotale ou Discours de retraites ecclésiastiques*, and *La vie et le regne de Jésus Christ dans les âmes des justes et moyens pour parvenir à cette sainte union*, by the Abbé Cattin; with the *Guide du Catechiste ou méthode pratique pour bien faire le Catéchisme à l'usage des paroisses, des pensionnats et des communautés chargées de l'instruction de la jeunesse*, by Aubert, a missionary, whose experience cannot but be beneficial to all who are required to impress on the young the rudiments of religion.

Louis Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*, has issued one of those little works which seems his relaxation from the severer labors of a journalist. It is a *Biogra-*

phy of *Mother Anne Seraphine Boulter*, and Father Ventura's Discourses, *Le Pouvoir politique Chrétien*, have an introduction by the same writer.

Under the same branch of ecclesiastical history, we note the announcement of a work on *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Africa*, from the foundation of Christianity to the year 1830, by the Bishop of Algiers.

The De Backer's have issued another volume of their *Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus*, being the fourth of the series; and we also find announced in Belgium, a new work by Father Deschamps, the Redemptorist, being *Le Christ and les Antechrists dans l'écriture, dans l'histoire et la conscience*.

But the most important is, perhaps, the completion of the new edition of Rohrbacher's *History of the Church*. It forms twenty volumes at five francs each, thus bringing it within the reach of many who could not obtain the former editions.

In England, we have only to notice the appearance of *The Catholic Psalmist*, by C. B. Lyons, of the Cathedral, Dublin; *The Christian and Religious Antiquities of Edinburgh*, by the Rev. James A. Stothert, the poet; a translation of Domenech's *Missionary Adventures in Texas*; and the announcement of a reprint of Guzzle's interesting *Life of Lady Warner*, an early convert, who became a Poor Clare, while her husband entered the Society of Jesus—their daughters, like the Barber family in this country, all embracing the religious state.

AMERICAN.—*Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, for 1859*.—Murphy & Co. announce their intention of continuing the publication of this useful annual. Since the holding of the late Provincial Council of Baltimore, we have looked for this announcement as a matter of course. The prelates there assembled unanimously passed a resolution requesting Messrs. Murphy & Co. to continue the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac; and surely a Catholic publishing house could not disregard the duty of complying with a request emanating from such a source. There was no alternative properly left but to prepare to issue the Almanac for 1859.

We learn that they are now sending out circulars to obtain the necessary information; and they have the following letter from the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore to recommend their undertaking:

Messrs. Murphy & Co. having undertaken the publication of the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, at the instance of the late Provincial Council of Baltimore, I recommend the undertaking to the favor of the Prelates of the United States, and of the Clergy and faithful, that the necessary information may be furnished them in due time, and that the work may meet with patronage.

BALTIMORE, July 14, 1858.

† FRANCIS PATRICK,  
Archbishop of Baltimore.

We hope that the publishers will be able to fulfill their promise to have the Almanac ready for distribution in the beginning of November. The advantage of this early issue is evident. Our country is so wide-spread, and several dioceses of the West and South-West so difficult to be reached during the later part of Autumn, that it would be impossible to have the Almanac delivered at every point in proper time, unless its publication be made as early as a due regard for accuracy will permit.

We ask our friends, as far as they can, to assist in making the Almanac a good one, by contributing whatever information they may deem important to the Catholic public.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have just issued the *Form of Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament*, prepared by order of the Ninth Provincial Council of Baltimore. Also, *Instructions on the Jubilee*, and Prayers recommended to be said in the Station Churches, with Extracts from the Allocution and Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father the Pope, and from the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Baltimore;—and have nearly ready, Father Faber's new *Story Book for Children*.

Mr. O'Shea has issued an edition of St. Francis de Sales' work on the *Love of God*. Dunigan & Brother have in press, *The Seraphic Manual*, a prayer book, intended more especially for the members of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Mr. John G. Shea has issued privately a translation of a treatise on *Meditation*, by the late Very Rev. F. Roothaan, General of the Society of Jesus.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**THE SUB-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—A correspondent has been collecting his thoughts on this mighty project, which he regards almost as accomplished, and sends us the result of his cogitations, in the following words :

It is enough to make the head grow dizzy to look around upon the ceaseless whirl, struggle, and energy of American life. It is a very combination of lightning, steam, gunpowder, infernal machines, and cast iron. Lightning caught and chained; caught by Franklin and chained by Morse; obediently vibrates throughout the vast wire networks spread over the land, like the nerves from the brain to every part of the human system, carrying thought into action everywhere with instantaneous precision. Rivers, at first, seemed to oppose the progress of the telegraph, but rivers were crossed as easily as the land. The ocean heaved its waters as an insurmountable barrier; but now, soon, "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," the wire resting calmly in its waveless depths will flash its electric thoughts from world to world faster than the sun's light flies.

Who can predict the results of this new wonder? Will it be for good or evil? With every improvement in the speed and facility of communication with Europe, we have become more and more involved in European politics until we are now upon the verge of entering as a party into congresses and embarrassing alliances; and next will come our share in questions of balance of power and the entangling affairs of tottering dynasties. Steam has already brought us as it were, upon the outer coasts of Europe; the telegraph will make us almost coterminous, and drag us into her family of states. Whether this shall be for her good or our evil, will depend much upon ourselves and the rectitude and moral power we exhibit before the world.

In a commercial point of view, its advantages cannot be estimated. In a national political view, with its termini on both continents in the possession and under the control of our great rival on sea and land, England, it may have for us more of evil than good. Our great strength heretofore lay in our distance from Europe and the difficulty and expense of transportation across three thousand miles of ocean, of sufficient force to assail us successfully upon our own shores, and the uncertainty and delay of communication which heretofore has so often rendered unavailing the best concerted plans. Steam has beaten down one defence; the telegraph is about to remove the other, and bring us as close to Europe as the Crimea was to London and Paris, where the mighty and distant power of Russia was compelled to succumb by the aid of telegraph and steam. And the cunning diplomacy of England hastens to disarm our coasts by the abolition of privateering—the great sea militia of our Republic—the right to use which we should only consent to yield when we are ready to yield the right to employ our land militia. Then, indeed, with our little navy sadly weak in numbers, England would have us at her feet, bound by the real chain of the telegraph, steam, and our own weak concessions, instead of the old colonial chain of allegiance—more provincial than before—and would soon throw off that mildness which she now assumes before the strength she fears, and adopt the haughtiness she uses to a weakened rival. They who trust the magnanimity of England and her justice, have read her history badly. Fear alone controls her ambition; she fears the mighty young Republic, and would cajole it into dependence on her honor: let her continue to fear. Abate not one iota of our strength, and aid no plan which will give her entire control, in peace or war, of so immense a power as the sub-atlantic telegraph. *Timeo Dannon et dona ferentes!*

An esteemed contributor thus discourses upon the variety to which human life is subject:

L I F E .

What is life, tell me I pray?  
 'Tis a changing April day—  
 Now balmy morn, with sunlight fair,  
 And now bleak blasts of chilling air;  
 With skies awhile serene and blue,  
 Then changing soon to darker hue.  
 Every scene of beauty flies—  
 Every hour the changing skies  
 Turn from brightness into gloom—  
 Nought is certain but the tomb.

What is life, now can'st thou tell?  
 'Tis the sounding of a bell;  
 Its glad tones proclaim aloud  
 Sounds of joy and triumph proud—  
 Now floating gently on the air,  
 They mark the hour of praise and prayer.  
 Sadly too through lonesome dell  
 Chimes the solemn midnight bell.  
 Hark! the long and measured toll  
 Sounds for some departed soul.

What is life, again declare?  
 'Tis a tale of joy and care:  
 When past, its thrilling story seems  
 Like some poor patient's troubled dreams—  
 And oft of happier days it tells,  
 And oft with grief the bosom swells  
 When the tale from pleasure strays,  
 Sadly dwelling o'er past days—  
 Then the list'ner soon perceives  
 Joy that's past now only grieves.

What is life, I pray thee say?  
 'Tis a summer insect gay,  
 Fluttering in the bright sunbeams,  
 Of nought but happiness it dreams—  
 Yet not its aim pursues on high,  
 But to the earth oft turns its eye—  
 Where the glow-worm lowly shines,  
 There its downward course inclines—  
 There, unmindful of its form,  
 Blindly woos the meanest worm.

What is life, now wilt thou name?  
 'Tis a taper's transient flame;  
 Now for awhile it steady burns,  
 Till zephyr's breath the light flame turns;  
 Then gleaming high it brighter glows,  
 But darker shadows round it throws.  
 Thus it flashes, then decays,  
 With an ever-changing blaze;  
 Glaring for a moment high,  
 Glimmering then it sinks to die.

What is life, I fain would know?  
 'Tis the heaven's resplendent bow—  
 So bright with every varied hue,  
 Its radiant beauties charm the view;  
 Yet brightest is its glowing form  
 Amid the darkness of the storm—

For the sun's retiring ray,  
 Shot from west at close of day,  
 Falling on the sable skies,  
 Paints these beauties ere it dies.

A.

Our talented correspondent, S. M., continues to place us under obligation for his poetic contributions. The following effusion will be admired by many of our readers:

#### THE POET'S LAMENT.

O bring my long neglected lyre,  
 That oft in joy I've strung,  
 And lend, oh Muse! thy sacred fire,  
 Till this one song be sung.  
 I feel the fang of fell decay  
 Insert its deadly sting—  
 Then let me sing while yet I may,  
 Brief is my time to sing.  
 I'm like the lark that sings on high,  
 When rings the sportsman's gun,  
 She falls all lifeless from the sky,  
 And leaves her song unsung.  
 I'm like the mist that leaves the rill  
 To catch the morning ray,  
 That fades upon the spangled hill  
 And weeps itself away.  
 Each friend, each joy, each hope-spread view,  
 No longer may appear;  
 Ah! must I bid a last adieu  
 To all I love so dear?  
 I'm like the flower whose early bloom  
 Perfumes the morning skies,  
 But ere the coming of the noon,  
 A withered ruin lies.  
 Tho' young am I, and yet unknown  
 The merits of my lay,  
 Grim death demands me for his own—  
 The grave yawns for its prey.  
 I'm like the meteor of the night  
 Whose lurid beam is doom'd  
 To be the self-consuming light  
 By which it is consumed.  
 Soon did my transient glory fade  
 In chaos dark and gloom—  
 Born of obscurity and shade,  
 Oblivion is my doom.  
 And must I lose vitality  
 When death dissolves this clay?  
 Or can the spirit cease to be—  
 And must the soul decay?  
 Ah! no, it cannot, cannot be;  
 In vain, O death, you strive!  
 This spark of immortality  
 Its ashes shall survive.  
 Great God! my all to Thee I owe,  
 And yield to Thy control;  
 Then deign to save from endless woe  
 Thine image in my soul.  
 What tho' on earth I leave no name—  
 Poor legacy at best—  
 O! who would ask for mortal fame  
 When throned among the blest?

S. M.

## RECORD OF EVENTS.

*From June 20th, to July 20th, 1858.*

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—*Encyclical Letter of Pius IX.*—We subjoin the following important document, lately issued by His Holiness Pius IX, relating to retrenched holydays and the duty of parish priests on those days. The letter breathes that earnest solicitude for the interest and welfare of the Church, which has ever distinguished his present Holiness, and should be attentively read by every Catholic:

#### ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

*To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries of the Places in Communication with the Apostolic See.*

#### VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING:

The goodness and charity of our most dearly beloved Redeemer, Jesus Christ, only Son of God, towards mankind, has been so great that you know, venerable brethren, having taken human nature, He desired not only to suffer for our salvation the most frightful torments and the horrible death of the cross, but still more, reascending to heaven at the right hand of the Father, to dwell, meanwhile, with us in the august sacrament of His body and of His blood, and in the excess of His love to make it our food and our nourishment, for the purpose of being also our sustenance and our strength by the presence of His divinity, the most assured safeguard of spiritual life. And not content with this signal and altogether divine proof of charity, adding benefits to benefits, and spreading over us the riches of His love, He has wished to give us the full certainty that those whom He has loved He loved to the end. It is on that account, declaring Himself the eternal priest according to the order of Melchisedech, He has instituted, in perpetuity, His priesthood in the Catholic Church and decreed that the sacrifice which He offered once by the effusion of His precious blood, on the altar of the cross, to redeem the entire human race, to deliver it from the yoke of sin and from the slavery of the devil, and to pacify all things in the heavens and on the earth, shall be permanent unto the consummation of ages; ordaining that this sacrifice, in which there is no change except in the manner of offering it, shall be made and offered each day by the ministry of the priests in order to sow among men the fruits, sovereignly salutary and sovereignly fruitful, of His passion. Thus in the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass, accomplished by the noble ministry of the priests, is offered this same victim, the source of life, who has reconciled us to God the Father, and who, having all virtue to merit, to appease, to obtain, and to satisfy, repairs in us the ruins of death by the mystery of the only Son. Arisen from the dead, the only Son dies no more, and death shall no more have any power over Him. He lives by Himself an immortal and incorruptible life, and it is He who is immolated for us in this mystery of the sacred oblation" (1.) Such is the pure oblation that no unworthiness, no perversity in those who offer it, can ever sully, and which, by the mouth of Malachy, the Lord has predicted "that the glory of His name become great among the nations it shall be offered in its purity in every place from the rising to the setting of the sun" (2.) This oblation of an unspeakable fecundity embraces the present and the future life. By it, giving us the grace and gift of penance, God, who is appeased, remits even the most enormous crimes and sins, and, although grievously offended by our prevarication, He passes

from anger to mercy, from a just severity to clemency—by it are equally remitted the temporal penalties due for the expiation of our faults—by it are relieved the souls of those who are dead, in union with Christ, without having been fully purified—by it also we receive the temporal goods which are not an obstacle to the goods of a superior order—by it is rendered to the sanits, and above all to the Immaculate Most Holy Mary, Mother of God, the greatest honor and worship that she can receive. It is, therefore, that conformably to the traditions of the Apostles, we offer the divine sacrifice of the Mass “for the common peace of the churches, for the good order of the world, for emperors, for warriors, for those who are united to us, for those who labor under sickness, for those who are oppressed with grief, for those in general who are in want, and for the dead detained in purgatory, believing that the greatest succor which those souls can receive is that which is here given them when we pray for them at the moment that the holy and formidable victim is immolated before us”

(3.) There is nothing then, greater, more holy, more divine, than the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass, by which the same body, the same blood, the same Jesus Christ, our God and Lord, is offered and immolated on the altar, for the salvation of all, by the priests, and it is for that reason that the Holy Mother the Church, which is in possession of this treasure, so great, of her divine Spouse, has never ceased to employ all her care, all her zeal, all her vigilance, in order that this grand mystery may be accomplished by the priests with the greatest interior purity of the heart, and in order that it might be celebrated with all the becoming appurtenances of worship according to the rules laid down by the ritual, and the sacred ceremonies, in order that the grandeur and the majesty of the mystery itself may shine in the exterior appearance, and that thus the faithful may be excited to the contemplation of the divine things contained and hidden in so venerable a sacrifice. It is with the same ardor and the same solicitude that his pious mother, addressing herself to those faithful children, never ceases to bring to their minds, to exhort them, to inflame their zeal, to bring them frequently to this divine sacrifice with all the piety, all the respect, and all the devotion which it deserves—ordaining that all are absolutely held to assist at it on feast days of obligation, attending to it with a religious attention of eyes and of heart, in order that they may be happily enabled to obtain, by the value of the mercy of God, an abundance of all gifts.

Now, it is in favor of mankind that every Pontiff taken from among men is constituted in those things that appertain to God, in order to offer for their sins gifts and sacrifices. It is then, your wisdom knows well, venerable brethren, the duty of pastors to apply the most holy sacrifice of the Mass for the people of whom they have the charge. According to the doctrine of the Council of Trent this obligation involves a divine precept. This council teaches in effect, in terms the most profound and the most grave, “that by the divine precept it is commanded to all those to whom the care of souls is confided, to know their flock and to offer the sacrifice for them” (4.) You also know the Encyclical letter, dated the 9th of August, 1774, of our predecessor, Bennet XIV, of happy memory, in which, speaking at full length and wisely of the obligation, explaining more in detail, and confirming the sense of the Fathers of Trent, in order to erase all doubts, and to do away with all controversies, he declares plainly and openly, and enacts that the parish priests (*parachos*) and all others having the care of souls ought to offer the sacrifice of the Mass for those who are confided to them, every Sunday, and on every feast of obligation. He adds that this obligation extends for the days in which he himself, diminishing the number of feasts of obligation in certain dioceses, had given permission for servile work, still maintaining for them the obligation of assisting on those days at the holy sacrifice (5.) By the returns on the state and the situation of your dioceses which, with a care worthy of all praise, and well has it filled our heart with satisfaction, you addressed us, venerable brethren, us and the Apostolic See, how you discharged the duty of your charge, we see with great joy the pastors of souls scrupulously



pulously fulfilling the obligation of which we have just spoken, and not neglecting to celebrate the sacrifice of the Mass for the people confided to them, on Sunday and on other days which continue to be days of obligation. But we also know that in a certain number of localities this duty has ceased to be fulfilled by parish priests on days which are to be observed as feasts of obligation, according to the constitution of our predecessor, Urban VIII, of happy memory (5), and for which the Apostolic See, submitting to the various demands of the first pastors, and taking into consideration the reason and motives which they explained, has not only permitted, in reducing the number of feasts of obligation, that the people may attend to servile work, but it has granted to them they may be dispensed with from hearing the holy Mass. Since these indulgences emanating from the Holy See were published, the parish priests of different countries believe themselves also relieved from the obligation of offering the holy sacrifice for their parishioners on the days of the suppressed feasts, and have ceased completely to fulfil this duty. Thence there has been established in those countries, among the parish priests, the practice of not celebrating at all, on the above named days, the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the people, and this custom has not wanted apologists and defenders.

Full of extreme solicitude for the entire flock, which the Lord himself has confided to us, and lively afflicted at the loss of the great spiritual advantages which result from the omission to the faithful of those countries, we have resolved to regulate a matter of such great importance, we remembering above all, that the Apostolic See has always taught that the parish priests ought to celebrate the holy sacrifice for their parishioners, even on the days of suppressed feasts. Although, in fact, the Roman Pontiffs, our predecessors, having regard to the pressing solicitations of the first pastors, to the different and numerous wants of the faithful people, and to the grave motives resulting from the interests of the times and of the places, had judged it right to reduce the number of the feasts of obligation, and consented at the same time, that the people might freely attend on those days to servile works, without being obliged to assist at the holy sacrifice; nevertheless, these same pontiffs, our predecessors, in granting these indulgences, have desired that the law should be fully and faithfully observed, which enacts that there should be nothing of innovation in the churches, in all that appertains to the regular order and rite of the divine offices, and that all should be continued to be done absolutely as before, from the time the constitution of Urban VIII, of which we have spoken, was still in vigor, and which prescribed that the feasts should be observed as of obligation. From thence the parish priests could easily comprehend that they were never, by any means, freed from the obligation of offering on those days for the people the sacrifice of the Mass, which is the most important part of divine worship, and they ought above all, to observe that the pontifical rescripts should be understood altogether, in the sense which they offer themselves, and that they must be interpreted in the strictest sense. Let us add, that the Holy See, consulted in many cases on the duties of pastors, has never omitted to reply, by the different congregations, whether it be that of the council, whether it be that of the Propaganda, whether it be that of the holy rites, and also by the sacred penitentiary; and ever and always has it declared, that the parish priests continue under the obligation of saying Mass for the parishioners, even on the days which have ceased to be counted among the number of feasts of obligation. After having weighed and examined these things with maturity, and after having taken the council of many of our venerable brothers, the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, who compose the congregation charged with causing to be respected and with interpreting the decrees of the Council of Trent, we have judged it right, venerable brethren, to write you this encyclical letter, in order to trace out for your guidance a sure rule, and to fix for you a law which must be observed with care and vigilance by all parish priests.

It is, therefore, that we declare by these presents, we enact and decree that all

parish priests, and also all others who have a charge of souls, should offer and apply the most holy sacrifice of the Mass for the people who are confided to them, not only on all the Sundays and other days which obligation obliges them to preserve, but also on the days which the Holy See has consented to retrench from the number of feasts of obligation, and which have been transferred, as all those who have charge of souls should be aware, since the time the constitution of Urban VIII was fully in vigor, before the feast days of obligation were diminished in number and transferred. We only except one case—that in which the divine office shall have been transferred with the solemnity to the day of Sunday; then the one only Mass shall be applied for the people by the parish priests, provided that the Mass, which is the principal part of the divine office, ought to be deemed transferred with the office itself. Wishing also in the love by which our paternal heart is animated, with a view to the tranquility of the pastors, who, ceding to the custom that was introduced, have omitted to apply their Mass for the people on the days indicated, and in virtue of our apostolic authority, we fully absolve those parish priests from all anterior omissions; and as, among those who have charge of souls, there are those who have obtained from the Holy See a particular indulgence for reduction, we agree that they should continue to enjoy the benefit of the indulgence, on the conditions which are here expressed, and as long as they fill the office of parish priests in the parishes which they administer and govern at present. In giving these decisions and in using this indulgence, we have every reason to hope, venerable brethren, that the parish priests, animated more than ever with zeal and charity, will hasten to satisfy, with as much care as piety, the obligation of applying the Mass for the people, and that they will seriously reflect on the abundance of the spiritual graces at first, then on the multitude of the gifts which the application of the divine and unbloody sacrifice causes to flow so largely on the people confided to their care. But we are not unaware that particular cases may be presented, which, on account of facts and circumstances, there is no reason to grant to parish priests a dispensation of this obligation. We wish that you should know that it is to our congregation of Council alone, that all should repair to obtain these kinds of indulgences. We do not except any but the persons who depend on our Congregation of the Propaganda, on which we have conferred the same powers in this regard.

We entertain no doubt at all, venerable brethren, that in the solicitude of your episcopal zeal, you will hasten to cause it to be known without delay to all and each of the parish priests of your dioceses, that by our present letters, and in virtue of our supreme authority, we confirm and declare anew, we wish, command, and ordain, touching the obligation in which they are to apply the holy sacrifice of the Mass for those who are confided to them. We are equally persuaded that you will carry the greatest amount of watchfulness to those who have the charge of souls to acquit themselves with care of this part of their duty, and that they will observe with exactness what we have regulated and laid down by these letters. We desire also that a copy of these letters shall be preserved in perpetuity, in the archives of your episcopal courts. And as you very well know, venerable brothers, that the most holy sacrifice of the Mass is a great source of enlightenment for the faithful, never cease to call attention to, and to exhort the parish priests, principally the preachers of the Divine Word, and all those who are charged with instructing the Christian people, that they have to expound and explain to the faithful, with all the care and zeal possible, the necessity, the greatness, and efficacy, the end and the fruits of this holy and adorable sacrifice; that they may impress and excite the faithful to assist at it frequently, they shall be able with faith, religion, and becoming piety, in order that they may call down on themselves the divine mercy, and all the good things of which they stand in need. Do not cease to make use of all the means in your power in order that the priests of your dioceses should distinguish themselves by this integrity and gravity of manners, by this innocence and this perpetual

holiness of life which becomes well those who, alone, have power of consecrating the divine host, and of celebrating the holy and dreadful sacrifice. Desire them frequently to call the attention of, and to impress on, all those who are congregated in the sacred priesthood, in order that, thinking seriously on the ministry which they have received in the Lord, they may be faithful to it, and that having always present, in spirit, the heavenly power and the dignity with which they are clothed, they may shine by the brightness of all the virtue—that thus, by the merit of holy doctrine, they may devote themselves entirely to the service of worship, to divine things and the salvation of souls, offering themselves as a living and holy host to the Lord, and that carrying in their body the mortifications of Jesus, they may worthily offer to God, with pure hearts and hands, the Host of salvation for their own salvation and for that of the entire world. In fine, nothing is more agreeable to us, venerable brothers, than to take advantage of this occasion to express to you and to renew towards you the testimony of the lively affection which we bear towards you in the Lord, and also to encourage you to continue with still greater ardor to fulfil with courage all the duties of your pastoral charge, and to watch, with still greater zeal, over the salvation and preservation of your own dear flocks. Be assured that we are always ready to take to our nearest heart of hearts all that we shall judge to be proper to contribute to your utility, and to that of your dioceses. In the meantime, receive, as the pledge of all the gifts of heaven, and in testimony of our lively affection towards you, the Apostolic benediction which we give from the bottom of our hearts to you, venerable brothers, to all the clergy, and to the faithful lately confided to your care.

*Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, the 3d day of May, 1858, the twelfth year of our Pontificate.*

**SPAIN.**—The venerable and illustrious Archbishop of Saragossa, Don Manuel Gomez de las Rivas, died on 17th of June, in the 88th year of his age.

**FRANCE.**—A solemn service was performed in the chapel of the Tuilleries in commemoration of the anniversary of the death of Napoleon I. It was attended by the Emperor and Empress, Prince Jerome and his son, Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde, and the other members of the emperor's family. There were likewise present the marshals of the empire, the ministers and great officers of State. The Bishop of Arras officiated.—At an early hour on the same day the iron railing round the column in the Place Vendome was hung with funeral crowns, and in the course of the day the depositions from the soldiers of the old army came to the foot of the column to deposit crowns according to custom.—The Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, is at present in Paris investigating the causes of the disturbance which recently took place in the Irish Ecclesiastical College.

**ENGLAND**—Nothing of striking importance has occurred in the United Kingdom during the past four weeks. The oath bill was further discussed in parliament, and finally so modified as to admit the Jews to a seat in that body.—The outrages committed on American vessels on the coast of Cuba, were several times discussed in the House, but no final action taken in regard to the matter. The British squadron, however, was ordered from the Cuban waters, and the law officers of the Crown have declared that England has no right to search, according to international law.

The Atlantic Telegraph fleet, which left England about a month ago, had returned to Queenstown, the attempt having failed a second time. The failure, however, does not seem to have discouraged those engaged in it, and a third trial is spoken of as likely to be made at an early day.

The war in India still drags out an existence, and the revolt, so far from being suppressed, seems to be on the increase, owing chiefly to the havoc which the Indian climate at this season is making in the English army.

**IRELAND.**—There is no trait in the Irish character more prominent than that of a generous soul, a heart that beats responsively to the wants of suffering humanity. No matter what be the differences which divide them, the moment circumstances arise that call for their sympathy and assistance, that sympathy and assistance is impromptu and freely given. This generous feeling was strikingly illustrated towards the family of the lamented Hogan, the artist, and more recently on the occasion of the death of John O'Connell. The remains of the son of the great "Liberator" were borne to their final resting place, followed by sorrowing thousands, but before the mourners had quitted the precincts of the grave, a subscription was started for the support of the family of the deceased, and a thousand pounds were obtained before the funeral cortege had left the cemetery.

**SWEDEN.**—A remarkable instance of persecution has lately taken place in this intolerant country. Six females, all married, have been condemned by the royal court of Stockholm to perpetual banishment and to the deprivation of all civil rights, because they forsook Lutheranism and became members of the Catholic Church. The victims at first thought of removing to France, but learning that in Denmark they would be free to practice their religion, they resolved to remove to Copenhagen, as they could better there earn a livelihood by their labor. The following is the decree of the court before which they were tried:

Considering that though these women have been repeatedly warned by their respective pastors, they have not retracted, but, on the contrary, have persisted in avowing Catholic opinion:

Keeping in view the 1st chapter, paragraph 3d, of the Criminal Code, and the 1st chapter and 2d paragraph of the Ecclesiastical Law, the court finds that it is a just act to condemn the married women—Caroline Christina Funk, born at Palingren; Maria Charlotte Offerman, born at Palingren; Anne Schutze, born at Landberg; Jeanette Olivia Anderson, born at Olsson; Hedwig Catherine Wahlender, born at Forssman; and Sophia Wilhelmina Lundegren—to be exiled from the kingdom of Sweden, and to be deprived of all property and all civil rights in the kingdom.

Given at Stockholm, May the 19th, 1858, in the name of the court.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

**1. DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*A New Church.*—As an additional evidence of the increase of Catholicity in our city, we are happy to record the fact that another new church has been commenced in our midst. On Sunday, the 18th of July, the Germans, who had scarcely completed the splendid church of St. Michael, laid the foundation of another, under the patronage of St. Paul. The first stone was laid by the Very Rev. George Ruland, Provincial of the Redemptorists in this country, assisted by the Rev. Father Holtzer, who preached in the German language, and the Rev. E. J. Sourin, who delivered an eloquent discourse in English. The new church is to be built in the English-Gothic style, and it is expected that it will be ready for service in the course of a year.

*Orphans' Home.*—It will be a subject of much congratulation to the humane and charitable to learn, that the Rev. Father Dolan, who is truly the friend and protector of the orphan, has purchased a magnificent property adjoining the limits of our city, which he designs as a new Home for the numerous family of fatherless children which he has at present under his protection. The property has been secured at a cost of \$37,000. The improvements are large and substantial, and calculated to accommodate from fifty to sixty orphans. We understand that Father Dolan intends, as soon as it can be done, to place the institution under the care of the Brothers of the Holy Cross, who will attend not only to the religious and educational instruction of the boys, but also train them to some useful mechanical branch of business.

**Religious Reception.**—On Friday, July 2d, in the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., Miss Jane Shine (Sister Mary de Sales) received the habit and white veil from the hands of Rev. A. Rocafort, S. J. On the 16th of July, the Festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Miss Helen Riordan, of Washington City, received the Habit at the Carmelite Convent in this city, and took the name of Sister Baptist. The Rev. Father Obermyer officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Rev. Father Byrne; and on the 2d of July, Miss Elizabeth Murray, daughter of Purser Murray, U. S. Navy, made her solemn profession in the same institution, Aisquith street. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated on this interesting occasion.

**Confirmation.**—The holy sacrament of confirmation was lately administered by the Most Rev. Archbishop to 70 persons, in St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., and subsequently 200 were confirmed at St. Patrick's Church of the same city; and on the Feast of St. Aloysius, 19 young ladies in the Convent Chapel; and on the same day, 22 were confirmed in the Chapel of the Gonzaga Seminary. On 22d of June, 30 students of Georgetown College received the same sacred rite; and 150 were confirmed on the same day at Trinity Church, Georgetown.

**2. DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.**—The Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty sent to Rome, towards the close of last year, the resignation of his office of Commissary General of the Augustinian Order. This resignation has at length been accepted, and by letters recently arrived the Very Rev. P. Stanton has been appointed successor to Dr. Moriarty. Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty will retain for life his dignity and privileges as Ex-Assistant of the Order of St. Augustine, and Prelate in the Curia Romana.

**Confirmations.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann recently gave confirmation in the following places, to the following number of persons: Tremont, 48; Lykenstown, 34; Lewistown, 1; Bellefont, 69; Snowshoe, 2; Lockhaven, 28; Williamsport, 15; Nippenose Valley, 57; Cascade, 18; Astonville, 13; Canton, 9; Troy, 21; Blossburg, 17; Wellsborough, 2; Tioga Village, 4; Athens, 15; Towanda, 64. The inclement weather prevented many from presenting themselves for confirmation in these places. The Right Rev. Bishop enjoyed good health. The Right Rev. Coadjutor Bishop made the following visitations and confirmed the following number of persons: West Haverford, 37; Villanova, 25; Chesnut Hill, 27; Germantown, St. Vincent's, 97.

**Church Dedication.**—The dedication of the new Church of St. Nicholas, Tolentine, Atlantic City, N. J., took place on the 24th ult. The corner-stone was laid on the 10th of September last. Much credit is due to the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, the present pastor of the church, under whose superintendence it was designed and completed. The Augustinian Order was largely represented, and the present Provincial, Very Rev. P. Stanton, took part in the dedication. After the interesting ceremony, High Mass was intoned by Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, assisted by Rev. E. M. Mullen, as deacon, and Rev. L. Edge, as subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

**3. DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—Dedication.**—The new Church of St. Mary's, Clifton, Staten Island, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God on Sunday, the 27th of June, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, who preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

**Ordination.**—On Monday, the 21st of June, the Feast of St. Aloysius, Patron of Students, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred minor orders and subdeaconship on Mr. Anthony Hechinger, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, and on Thursday, the Feast of St. John the Baptist, the same reverend gentleman received deaconship, and on the following Saturday, he was raised to the dignity of priesthood.

**New Cathedral of St. Patrick.**—The illustrious Archbishop of New York contemplates building a new Cathedral which, for grandeur of design and extent of proportions, will equal if not exceed any other church edifice on the American continent.

The following description is given of the contemplated edifice by one of the New York papers:

"The cost of the building above ground is not expected to fall short of three-quarters of a million. Its dimensions will present a front of 140 feet and a depth of 325 feet. Its location is on the block between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, fronting on Fifth avenue, and reaching back to where the line of Madison avenue, will run when that street is laid out at its upper end. The position is one of the most commanding and admirable on the whole island.

"The land on which the cathedral will stand comprises an area of 200 feet front by 400 feet deep. The foundation will rest upon the rock surface, which is slightly raised above the avenue, the building occupying the centre of the lot, and enclosed on Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets by a low wall with a walk and parterre, to accommodate processions, etc. The front of the edifice will be approached by steps from the Fifth avenue, on which there will be three great entrances. It will be, as usual with Gothic cathedrals, cruciform, and with transept and rear entrances, so that its ventilation may be all that could be desired. The main elevation on Fifth avenue will comprise a fine gable, 150 feet high, with rose window. On the south corner (front) will spring a spire of open tracery proportioned to the great length of the church, whilst on the north corner (front) a tower of nearly equal bulk, octagon, and about two-thirds the height of the spire, gives the whole front great breadth and massiveness, whilst their lofty dimensions will present something like the true scope which is required for the aims of this style of architecture. The side elevations present splendid ranges of windows and buttresses, pinnaced and finely decorated, the ornamented transept gables, with their windows, entrances, niches, etc., enriching and relieving the great length of the side walls.

"The interior will be entered by a porch 80 feet to the crown of its arch, enriched with columns, tracery, etc. The interior will be 120 feet high in the clear, inside, and comprise a nave, two side aisles, the transept (or wings of the cross), 176 feet, and the sanctuary for the great altar at the upper end. The roof, raised upon fifty-one gothic columns, supports groined arches, constructed, like the rest of the building, of stone. In the side aisles there will be twelve small chapels, with altars, making, with the great altar and an altar to the Virgin, fourteen in all.

"The building will be constructed under the supervision of Messrs. Renwick & Rodriguez, architects, in the most substantial manner, five years being estimated as the probable period for its completion. There will be no curtailment of the plans for economical reasons. Its details will exercise the earnest attention and study of the Archbishop, whose energy and care, it is intended, shall control every line and block in its progress. It will be a church for the whole diocese, without pews, and but a limited number of chairs in the transept, in the manner of the French cathedrals."

The 15th of August is fixed for laying the corner-stone. The Archbishop has issued a circular to the clergy and laity of his diocese, detailing his plans for carrying on the work and raising the necessary funds. He appeals first to the more wealthy of his diocese, and hopes to obtain one hundred persons who, for the first year, will subscribe one thousand dollars each; and proposes to decrease the amount of subscription and increase the number of persons each succeeding year, until the sacred edifice is completed.

**4. DIOCESE OF ALBANY.—Confirmation.**—On the 13th of June, the Right Rev. Bishop McClusky administered confirmation to 342 persons in Watertown, N. Y.; and on the 24th of the same month he confirmed 130 in St. John's Church, atinghamton, Brown County.

**A very desirable Institution.**—The Sisters of Charity have commenced the erection of an additional building on John street, between the Asylum and St. John's Church,

21 feet front, 36 feet deep, and 3½ stories high. The immediate purpose to which it will be devoted, we have not learned, but it is intended ultimately as an institution for teaching plain sewing and trades to orphans and females out of place who have a disposition to earn an honest living. It will undoubtedly prove a most invaluable adjunct to those societies which have in view the "amelioration of the condition" of indigent females. There are many young women in our midst, as in all communities, who are frequently unable to obtain employment, and are thus forced to eke out a living as best they can—many, in fact, yield to a despondency that impels them to questionable modes of averting hunger. To these it will be a welcome refuge. We sincerely trust the project may meet such encouragement as the benevolent and Christian object of the institutions will urge our citizens to accord.—*Ulrich Telegraph*.

5. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—*A New Church.*—A North Bridgewater, Mass., correspondent informs us that the Catholics of that place intend to erect a new church. He says: "The Catholics of North Bridgewater are about erecting a splendid church, which will be a credit to them and a great blessing to the rising generation. Much credit is due to the Rev. Father McNulty; he is leaving nothing undone to accomplish the carrying out of this holy work, and it is to be hoped the people of North Bridgewater and its vicinity will also do their part in assisting him to erect a holy temple which is indeed much needed."

*Confirmations.*—The Right Rev. Bishop of Boston administered the sacrament of confirmation at Lowell, on Sunday, the 13th of June, in St. Patrick's Church, to 191 persons, of whom 123 were females and 68 males. On Wednesday, the 26th inst. (being the feast of St. John Francis Regis), the Bishop confirmed 320 persons at St. Mary's Church, Boston. Of this number, 5 were females, 143 were adult males, and 172 were youths. This number, added to the 197 confirmed a few days since at St. Joseph's Chapel, makes the number confirmed in St. Mary's parish this year, 517. On the 29th of June, the Right Rev. Bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation in SS. Peter and Paul's Church, South Boston, to 340 persons—138 males and 202 females. On the 2d of July, the same prelate confirmed 118 in Saint Peter's Church, Cambridge—42 boys, 76 girls.—*Pilot*.

6. **DIOCESE OF PORTLAND.**—*Dedication of a New Church.*—A new and beautiful church was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, at Salmon Falls, in this diocese, on the 4th of July, by the Right Rev. Dr. Bacon of Portland, who preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. The church is a substantially built brick building, 90 by 40 feet, and is under the pastoral care of the zealous Father Lucey.

7. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—*Church Dedication.*—The Church of the Immaculate Conception in Providence, R. I., was dedicated to the worship of God, on Sunday, the 4th of July, by the Right Rev. Bishop McFarland. This church was only commenced about a year ago, and its completion in so short a period reflects much credit on the Catholics of that section of the city, especially on the worthy pastor, the Rev. Father Cooney, by whom the edifice was undertaken.

8. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—The following sketch of the religious and literary institutions near Latrobe, in this diocese, taken from one of the Pittsburg papers, will be read with much interest:

"The religious and literary institutions at Latrobe are possessed of much interest. The domain which they occupy was originally known by the legal title of 'Sportsman's Hall'—a title given it in early times by the Legislature, from the fact that the hills and forests of which it was then composed were filled with an abundance of game, which attracted sportsmen and hunters from a distance, as similar locations in the far West now do.

"It was at this point that the first Catholic church in Pennsylvania west of the




Alleghanies was established by Father Coursey, in 1785. He was succeeded in 1789 by Rev. Mr. Browers; and in 1799, Father Hilburn took control of the church affairs here, who exercised a religious supervision over all the country as far as Lake Erie on the north, and Brownsville on the south. At that time, Westmoreland county embraced all the country in West Pennsylvania known as the 'Lake Region.' In 1815, Mr. Hilburn was succeeded by Mr. O'Brien; and in 1817, that well known and much esteemed clergyman, Rev. Charles B. Maguire, took charge of the religious interests of the district, which he continued to exercise until 1830, when he was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Girr, who was again, in 1844, succeeded by Rev. J. A. Stillinger, now of Blairsville, Indiana county.

"In 1846, a monastery was established here under the direction and control of the Order of St. Benedict, which, in 1855, was chartered by an act of Assembly of the State. It is governed by a Mitred Abbot, there being but two in the United States, and the community consists of about ninety clerical and lay brothers. They have a saw mill, grist mill, and cultivate about three hundred acres of land.

"The Order of Benedictines was established by St. Benedict in the fifth century, and is composed of teachers, professors and lay brothers. The Abbey of St. Vincent, at Latrobe, in 1856, numbered among its professed members, nineteen priests, fifteen scholastics, seventy-two lay brothers, fifty-one novices, and twelve aspirants. There were also twenty-three students of theology, eight of philosophy, and five of humanities. Attached to the monastery is St. Vincent's College; there are, at the present time, one hundred and thirty-five students of various grades. Twenty professors and teachers, and three prefects, are charged with the instruction and education of the pupils. The English, German, French, Latin and Greek languages are taught; also music of every description, drawing and painting, without an extra charge for any of these branches, except for the use of instruments, &c.

"The farm upon which St. Xavier's Academy for young ladies is situated, was presented, in 1855, by Henry Kuhn, Esq., for the purpose of an educational institution. All the usual branches of an English education are taught, with vocal and instrumental music, painting, drawing, French and Italian. Under the charge of Sisters of Mercy, with Sister Gonzaga O'Gorman as directress, this Academy has acquired a well-deserved reputation."

9. DIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.—*Ordination.*—At an ordination held in the metropolitan church of St. Louis, on Wednesday, 23d of June, the following gentlemen received the tonsure and minor orders: Edward O'Regan, Myles Tobin, James Rice, John Gamber, Charles Kœlner, Francis Schrieber, Henry Vendersanden, Francis Keilty, Ernest Schindel, Thomas Cleary and Timothy Donnelly. On the following day—the Feast of the Nativity of John the Baptist—Messrs. O'Regan, Tobin and Schrieber were ordained deacons. The following day these three reverend gentlemen were raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

 *Want of space compels us to omit many interesting items of intelligence, which will be inserted in our next.*

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OBITUARY.—It is our painful duty to record the melancholy death of two estimable priests, the Rev. Father DELCROSS and the Rev. Father URBANECK of Milwaukee, by the explosion of the steamer Pennsylvania, near Memphis, on the 14th of June.



